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THE

RAMBLER.

VOLUME VII.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas deferor hoſpes.

HOR.

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THE RAMBLER.

N° 159. *Tueſday, September* 24. 1751.

Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poſſis, et magnam morbi deponere partem.
HOR.

THE baſhfulneſs of which *Verecundulus* complains with ſo much uneaſineſs, the imbecillity with which the preſence of a numerous aſſembly freezes the faculties, and the inability to exert the natural powers or diſplay the acquiſitions of learning in the preſence of thoſe whoſe character produces any uncommon deſire of their approbation, is particularly incident to the ſtudious part of mankind; to thoſe whom their education neceſſarily ſecludes in their earlier years from mingled converſe; who, at their *diſmiſſion* from ſchools and academies, are plunged

plunged at once into the tumult of the world, and, coming forth from the gloom of ſolitude, are overpowered by the blaze of public life.

It is perhaps kindly provided by Nature, that as the feathers and ſtrength of a bird grow together, and her wings are not completed till ſhe is able to fly; ſo ſome proportion ſhould be preſerved between our judgment and our courage; that the precipitation of inexperience ſhould be reſtrained by ſhame, and that we ſhould remain ſhackled by timidity, till we have learned how to ſpeak and act with propriety.

I believe few men can review the days of their youth, without recollecting many temptations, which their ſhame, rather than their virtue, enabled them to reſiſt; and many opinions, which, however haſtily conceived and negligently examined, however erroneous in their principles and dangerous in their conſequences, they have a thouſand times panted to advance at the hazard of contempt and hatred; but found themſelves irreſiſtibly depreſſed, amidſt their eagerneſs for conteſt and confidence of victory, by a ſudden languor or anxiety, which ſeized upon them at the moment of utterance, and ſtill gathered new ſtrength from their endeavours to reſiſt it.

It generally happens, that aſſurance keeps an

even pace with ability; and that the fear of miſcarriage, which hinders our firſt attempts, is gradually diſſipated as our ſkill advances towards certainty of ſucceſs. That baſhfulneſs therefore which prevents diſgrace, that ſhort and temporary ſhame which ſecures us from the danger of laſting reproach, cannot be properly counted among our misfortunes.

Baſhfulneſs, however it may incommode for a moment, ſcarcely ever produces any evils of long continuance. It may flush the cheek, flutter in the heart, deject the eyes, and enchain the tongue; but its miſchiefs ſoon paſs off without remembrance. It may for a time exclude pleaſure, but it ſeldom opens any avenue to ſorrow or remorſe. It is obſerved ſomewhere, that *few have repented of having forborn to ſpeak.*

To excite competition and enflame malevolence, is the unhappy privilege of courage made arrogant by conſciouſneſs of ſtrength. No man finds in himſelf any inclination to attack or oppoſe him who confeſſes his ſuperiority by bluſhing in his preſence. Thoſe qualities which are exerted with apparent fearfulneſs, find applauſes in every voice, and ſupport from every hand. Diffidence may check reſolution and obſtruct performance; but it compenſates the embarraſſment which it produces by more *important* advantages; it conciliates the

proud, and ſoftens the ſevere; it averts envy from excellence, and cenſure from miſcarriage.

It may indeed ſometimes happen, that knowledge and virtue may remain too long congealed by this frigorific power; as the principles of vegetation are ſometimes obſtructed by lingering froſts. He that enters late into a public ſtation, though with all the abilities requiſite to the diſcharge of his duty, may find himſelf for ſome time impeded by a timidity which he himſelf knows to be vicious, and ſtruggle long againſt dejection and reluctance, before he obtains the full command of his own attention, and adds the gracefulneſs of eaſe to the dignity of merit.

For this diſeaſe of the mind, I know not whether any remedies of much efficacy can be found. To adviſe any man unaccuſtomed to the eyes of the multitude, to mount a tribunal without perturbation; to tell him whoſe life has paſſed in the ſhades of contemplation, that he muſt not be diſconcerted or perplexed in receiving and returning the compliments of a ſplendid aſſembly, is to adviſe an inhabitant of *Braſil* or *Sumatra* not to ſhiver at an *Engliſh* winter; or him who has always lived upon a plain, to look down from a precipice without emotion. It is to ſuppoſe cuſtom inſtantaneouſly controulable by reaſon, and to endeavour to communicate

communicate by precept that which only time and habit can beſtow.

He that hopes from philoſophy and reſolution alone to fortify himſelf againſt that awe which all muſt, at their firſt appearance on the ſtage of life, feel from the ſpectators, will, at the hour of need, be mocked by his reſolution; and I doubt whether the preſervatives which *Plato* relates *Alcibiades* to have received from *Socrates*, when he was about to ſpeak in public, proved ſufficient to ſecure him from the powerful faſcination.

Yet, as the effects of time may by art and induſtry be accelerated or retarded, it may not be improper to conſider what motives to confidence and reſolution can be oppoſed to this troubleſome inſtinct, when it exceeds its juſt proportion, and inſtead of repreſſing petulance and temerity, ſilences eloquence, and debilitates force; ſince though it cannot be hoped that all anxiety ſhould be immediately diſſipated, it may be at leaſt ſomewhat abated; and the paſſions will neceſſarily operate with leſs violence, when reaſon riſes againſt them, than while ſhe either ſlumbers in neutrality, or, miſtaking her intereſt, lends them her aſſiſtance.

No cauſe more frequently produces baſhfulneſs, than too high an opinion of our own importance. He that *imagines* an aſſembly filled with ideas of his

his genius, languiſhing with expectation, and huſhed with attention, eaſily terrifies himſelf with the dread of diſappointing ſuch boundleſs hopes, and ſtrains his imagination in purſuit of ſomething worthy of their notice; ſomething which may vindicate the veracity of fame, and ſhow that his reputation was not gained by chance. He conſiders, that what he ſhall ſay or do will never be forgotten; that renown or infamy are ſuſpended upon every ſyllable, and that nothing ought to fall from him which will not bear the teſt of time. Under ſuch ſolicitude, who can wonder that the mind is overwhelmed; and, by ſtruggling with attempts above her ſtrength, quickly ſinks into languiſhment and deſpondency?

It often happens, that the moſt neceſſary medicines are unpleaſing to the taſte. Thoſe who are thus oppreſſed by their own reputation, will perhaps not be much comforted by hearing that their cares are unneceſſary. But the truth is, that no man is much regarded by the reſt of the world, except where the intereſt of others is involved in his fortune. The common employments or pleaſures of life, love or oppoſition, loſs or gain, keep almoſt every mind in perpetual agitation. If any man would conſider how little he dwells upon the condition of others, he would learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himſelf. When *we ſee multitudes* paſſing before us, of whom perhaps

haps not one appears to deſerve our notice or excite our ſympathy, we ſhould remember, that we likewiſe are loſt in the ſame throng; that the eye which happens to glance upon us is turned in a moment upon another; and that the utmoſt which we can reaſonably hope or fear, is to fill a vacant hour with prattle, and be forgotten.

N° 160. *Saturday, September* 28. 1751.

———*Inter ſe convenit urſis.*

Juv.

"THE world," ſays *Locke*, "has people of "all ſorts." As in the general hurry produced by the ſuperfluities of ſome, and the neceſſities of others, no man needs to ſtand ſtill for want of employment; ſo in the innumerable gradations of ability, and the endleſs varieties of ſtudy and inclination, no employment can be vacant for want of a man qualified to diſcharge it.

This is probably the natural ſtate of the univerſe; but it is ſo much deformed by intereſt and paſſion, that the benefit of this adaptation of men to things is very ſeldom perceived. The folly of thoſe who ſet their ſervices to ſale, generally inclines them to boaſt of qualifications which they do not poſſeſs, and to attempt buſineſs which they do not underſtand; and they who have the power of aſſigning to others the taſk of life, are ſeldom *honeſt or* ſeldom happy in their nominations.

They

They are ſometimes corrupted by avarice, and ſometimes cheated by credulity; ſometimes overpowered by reſiſtleſs ſolicitation, and ſometimes too ſtrongly influenced by the honeſt prejudices of friendſhip, or the prevalence of virtuous compaſſion. For, whatever cool reaſon may direct, it is not eaſy for a man of tender and ſcrupulous goodneſs, to overlook the immediate effect of his own actions, by turning his eyes upon their remoter conſequences; or to do that which muſt give preſent pain, for the ſake of obviating ſome evil yet unfelt, or ſecuring ſome advantage in time to come. That which is diſtant, is in itſelf obſcure; and when we have no deſire to ſee it, eaſily eſcapes our eye, or takes ſuch a form as deſire or imagination beſtows upon it: and he whoſe hopes and fears are buſy in his heart, will ſoon find ſome method of accommodating futurity to his ſchemes.

Every man might, for the ſame reaſon, in the multitudes that ſwarm about him, find ſome kindred mind with which he could unite in confidence and friendſhip. Yet we ſee many ſtraggling ſingle about the world, unhappy for want of an aſſociate, and pining with the neceſſity of confining their ſentiments to their own boſoms.

This inconvenience ariſes in the ſame manner from ſtruggles of the will againſt the underſtanding. It is not often difficult to find a ſuitable companion,

if every man would be content with ſuch as he is qualified to pleaſe. But if vanity tempts him to forſake his rank, and poſt himſelf among thoſe with whom no common intereſt or mutual pleaſure can ever unite him, he muſt always live in a ſtate of unſocial ſeparation, without tenderneſs, and without truſt.

There are many natures which can never approach within a certain diſtance, and which, when any irregular motive impels them towards contact, ſeem to ſtart back from each other by ſome invincible repulſion. There are others which immediately cohere whenever they come into the reach of mutual attraction, and, with very little formality of preparation, mingle intimately as ſoon as they meet. Every man whom either buſineſs or curioſity has thrown at large into the world, will recollect many inſtances of fondneſs and diſlike, which have forced themſelves upon his mind without the intervention of his judgement; of diſpoſitions to court ſome and avoid others, when he could aſſign no reaſon for the preference, or none adequate to the force of his paſſions; of influence that acted inſtantaneouſly upon his mind, and which no arguments or perſuaſions could ever overcome.

Among thoſe with whom time and intercourſe have made us familiar, we feel our affections di-

vided

vided in different proportions, without much regard to moral or intellectual merit. Every man knows ſome whom he cannot perſuade himſelf to truſt, though he has no reaſon to ſuſpect that they would betray him; thoſe to whom he cannot complain, though he never obſerved them to want compaſſion; thoſe in whoſe preſence he never can be gay, though excited by a thouſand invitations to mirth and freedom; and thoſe from whom he cannot eaſily be content to receive information, though they never inſulted his ignorance by contempt or oſtentation.

That ſo much regard is to be had to thoſe inſtincts of kindneſs and diſlike, as that reaſon ſhould blindly follow them, I am far from intending to inculcate. It is very certain, that, by long indulging them, we may give them ſtrength which they have not from nature; and almoſt every example of ingratitude and treachery will prove, that, by obeying them, we may commit our happineſs to them who are very unworthy of ſo great a truſt. But it may deſerve to be remarked, that ſince few contend much with their inclinations, it is generally vain to ſolicit the good-will of thoſe whom we perceive thus involuntarily alienated from us: for neither knowledge nor virtue will reconcile antipathy; and though officiouſneſs may for a time be admitted, and diligence applauded,

they will at laſt be diſmiſſed with coldneſs, or diſcouraged by neglect.

It may be obſerved, that ſome have power of ſtealing upon the affections, of exciting inſtantaneous benevolence, and diſpoſing every heart to fondneſs and friendſhip. But this is a felicity granted only to ſome favourites of nature. The greater part of mankind find a very different reception from different diſpoſitions. They ſometimes obtain unexpected careſſes and diſtinctions from thoſe whom they never flattered with any uncommon regard, and ſometimes exhauſt all their arts of pleaſing without any effect. To theſe it is neceſſary to look round them with vigilance; to attempt every breaſt in which they find virtue ſufficient for the foundation of friendſhip; to enter into the croud, and try whom chance will offer to their notice, till they fix on ſome temper congenial to their own; as the magnet rolled in the duſt, collects the fragments of its kindred metal from a thouſand particles of other ſubſtances.

Every man muſt have had occaſion to remark the facility with which many have gained the kindneſs of others to whom he never could have imparted his own. Men are, by their occupations, education, and habits of life, divided almoſt into different ſpecies; which regard one another, for the moſt part, with ſcorn and malignity.

Each

Each of theſe claſſes of the human race has deſires, fears, and converſation, vexations and merriment, peculiar to itſelf; cares which another cannot feel, pleaſures which he cannot partake, and modes of expreſſing their ſenſations which he cannot underſtand. That frolic which ſhakes one man with laughter, will convulſe another with indignation; the ſtrain of jocularity which in one place obtains treats and patronage, would in another be heard with indifference, and in another with abhorrence.

To raiſe eſteem, we muſt benefit others; to procure love, we muſt pleaſe them. *Ariſtotle*, that great maſter of human nature, has obſerved, that old men do not readily form friendſhips, becauſe they are not eaſily ſuſceptible of pleaſure. He that can contribute to the hilarity of the vacant hour, or partake with equal guſt the favourite amuſement; he whoſe mind is employed on the ſame objects, and who therefore never calls off the attention from its uſual gratifications, nor harraſſes the underſtanding with unaccuſtomed ideas, will always be welcomed with ardour, and left with regret; unleſs he deſtroys his own advantages by faults, with which peace and ſecurity cannot conſiſt.

The greateſt part of human pleaſures approach ſo *nearly to the* borders of vice, that few who have

have ſuffered their happineſs to depend upon thers, have been able to avoid ſuch compliance as virtue cannot approve. Yet certainly he th purchaſes favour by ſuch proſtitution, miſtakes h own intereſt; ſince he gains a friend by meai for which his friend, if ever he becomes wi muſt ſcorn him, and for which in a cooler hc he muſt ſcorn himſelf.

N° 161. *Tueſday, October* 1. 1751.

Οἵη γαρ φύλλων γενέη, τοίηδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν. HOM.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

YOU have formerly obſerved, that curioſity very often terminates in barren knowledge, and that the mind is prompted to ſtudy and enquiry, rather by the uneaſineſs of ignorance, than the hope of profit. Nothing can be of much leſs importance to any preſent intereſt, than the fortune of thoſe who have been loſt in the grave, and from whom therefore nothing now can be hoped or feared. Yet we ſee, that, to rouſe the zeal of a true antiquary, little more is neceſſary than to mention a name which mankind have long conſpired to forget. He will make his way to remote ſcenes of action through obſcurity and contradiction, as *Tully* ſought amidſt buſhes and brambles the tomb of *Archimedes*.

It is not eaſy to diſcover how it concerns him that gathers the produce or receives the rent of an eſtate, to know through what families the land has

has paſſed, who is regiſtered in the Conqueror's ſurvey as its poſſeſſor, how often it has been forfeited by treaſon, or how often ſold by prodigality. Nor can the power or wealth of the preſent inhabitants of a country be much increaſed by the knowledge of the names of thoſe barbarians, who deſtroyed one another twenty centuries ago, in conteſts for the ſhelter of woods, or convenience of paſturage. Yet we ſee, that no man can be at reſt in the enjoyment of a new purchaſe, till he has learned the hiſtory of his grounds from the ancient inhabitants of the pariſh; and that no nation omits to record the actions of their anceſtors, however bloody, ſavage, and rapacious.

The ſame diſpoſition, as different opportunities call it forth, diſcovers itſelf in great or in little things. I have always conſidered it as unworthy of a wiſe man to ſlumber in total inactivity, becauſe he happens to have no employment equal to his ambition or his genius. It is therefore my cuſtom to apply my attention to the objects before me; and as I cannot think any place wholly unworthy of notice that affords a habitation to a man of letters, I have collected the hiſtory and antiquities of the ſeveral garrets in which I have reſided.

Quantulacunque eſtis, vos ego magna voco.

Many of theſe narratives my induſtry has been able

able to extend to a conſiderable length; but the woman with whom I now lodge, has lived only eighteen months in the houſe, and therefore can give no account of its ancient revolutions; the plaiſterer having, at her entrance, obliterated, by his white-waſh, all the ſmoky memorials which former tenants had left upon the cieling, and perhaps drawn the vail of oblivion over politicians, philoſophers, and poets.

When I firſt cheapened my lodgings, the landlady told me, that ſhe hoped I was not an author; for the lodgers on the firſt floor had ſtipulated, that the upper rooms ſhould not be occupied by a noiſy trade. I very readily promiſed to give no diſturbance to her family, and ſoon diſpatched a bargain on the uſual terms.

I had not ſlept many nights in my new apartment before I began to enquire after my predeceſſors; and found my landlady, whoſe imagination is filled only with her own affairs, very ready to give me information.

Curioſity, like all other deſires, produces pain, as well as pleaſure. Before ſhe began her narrative, I had heated my head with expectations of adventures and diſcoveries, of elegance in diſguiſe, and learning in diſtreſs; and was therefore ſomewhat mortified when I heard that the firſt tenant

was a tailor, of whom nothing was remembered but that he complained of his room for want o light; and, after having lodged in it a month, i which he only paid a week's rent, pawned a piec of cloth which he was truſted to cut out, and wa forced to make a precipitate retreat from this quar ter of the town.

The next was a young woman newly arrive from the country, who lived for five weeks wit great regularity, and became by frequent treat very much the favourite of the family; but at la received viſits ſo frequently from a couſin in *Cheap ſide*, that ſhe brought the reputation of the houſ into danger, and was therefore diſmiſſed with goo advice.

The room then ſtood empty for a fortnight; ſ that my landlady began to think that ſhe ha judged hardly, and often wiſhed for ſuch anothe lodger. At laſt an elderly man, of a very grav aſpect, read the bill, and bargained for the roon at the very firſt price that was aſked. He lived i very cloſe retirement, ſeldom went out till evening and then returned early, ſometimes chearful, an at other times dejected. It was remarkable, tha whatever he purchaſed, he never had ſmall mone in his pocket; and, though cool and temperate o other occaſions, was always vehement and ſtorm till he had received his change. He paid his ren

with

with great exactneſs, and ſeldom failed once a week to requite my landlady's civility with a ſupper. At laſt, ſuch is the fate of human felicity! the houſe was alarmed at midnight by the conſtable, who demanded to ſearch the garrets. My landlady aſſuring him that he had miſtaken the door, conducted him up ſtairs, where he found the tools of a coiner; but the tenant had crawled along the roof to an empty houſe, and eſcaped; very much to the joy of my landlady, who declares him a very honeſt man, and wonders why any body ſhould be hanged for making money, when ſuch numbers are in want of it. She however confeſſes, that ſhe ſhall for the future always queſtion the character of thoſe who take her garret without beating down the price.

The bill was then placed again in the window, and the poor woman was teazed for three weeks by innumerable paſſengers, who obliged her to climb with them every hour up five ſtories, and then diſliked the proſpect, hated the noiſe of a public ſtreet, thought the ſtairs narrow, objected to a low cieling, required the walls to be hung with freſher paper, aſked queſtions about the neighbourhood, could not think of living ſo far from their acquaintance, wiſhed the window had looked to the ſouth rather than the weſt, told how the door and the chimney might have been better diſ*poſed, bid her half* the price that ſhe aſked, or

promiſed to give her earneſt the next day, and came no more.

At laſt, a ſhort meagre man, in a tarniſhed waiſtcoat, deſired to ſee the garret; and when he had ſtipulated for two long ſhelves and a larger table, hired it at a low price. When the affair was completed, he looked round him with great ſatisfaction, and repeated ſome words which the woman did not underſtand. In two days he brought a great box of books, took poſſeſſion of his room, and lived very inoffenſively, except that he frequently diſturbed the inhabitants of the next floor by unſeaſonable noiſes. He was generally in bed at noon, but from evening to midnight he ſometimes talked aloud with great vehemence, ſometimes ſtamped as in rage, ſometimes threw down his poker, then clattered his chairs, then ſat down in deep thought, and again burſt out into loud vociferations; ſometimes he would ſigh, as oppreſſed with miſery; and ſometimes ſhake with convulſive laughter. When he encountered any of the family, he gave way or bowed, but rarely ſpoke, except that as he went up ſtairs he often repeated,

——Οἰ ὑπίρτατα δώματα νάιει,

hard words, to which his neighbours liſtened ſo [illegible]n, that they learned them without underſtanding them. What was his employment ſhe did not venture

nture to aſk him, but at laſt heard a printer's
y enquire for *the author*.

My landlady was very often adviſed to beware
this ſtrange man, who, though he was very
iet for the preſent, might perhaps become out-
geous in the hot months: but as ſhe was punc-
ally paid, ſhe could not find any ſufficient reaſon
r diſmiſſing him; till one night he convinced
r, by ſetting fire to his curtains, that it was not
e to have an author for her inmate.

She had then for ſix weeks a ſucceſſion of te-
nts, who left the houſe on *Saturday*, and inſtead
paying their rent, rated their landlady. At laſt
e took in two ſiſters, one of whom had ſpent
r little fortune in procuring remedies for a lin-
ring diſeaſe, and was now ſupported and attend-
by the other; ſhe climbed with difficulty to the
artment, where ſhe languiſhed for eight weeks,
ithout impatience or lamentation, except for the
pence and fatigue which her ſiſter ſuffered; and
en calmly and contentedly expired. The ſiſter
llowed her to the grave, paid the few debts
hich they had contracted, wiped away the tears
uſeleſs ſorrow, and returning to the buſineſs of
mmon life, reſigned to me the vacant habita-
n.

Such, Mr RAMBLER, are the changes which
have

have happened in the narrow ſpace where my ſent fortune has fixed my reſidence: ſo true that amuſement and inſtruction are always at l to thoſe who have ſkill and willingneſs to them; and ſo juſt is the obſervation of *Juv* that a ſingle houſe will ſhew whatever is don ſuffered in the world. I am,

SIR, &c.

N°

N° 162. *Saturday, October 5.* 1751.

Orbus es, et locuples, et Bruto conſule natus;
Eſſe tibi veras credis amicitias?
Sunt veræ; ſed quas juvenis, quas pauper habebas:
Qui novus eſt mortem diligit ille tuam.

MART.

ONE of the complaints uttered by *Milton*'s *Samſon*, in the anguiſh of blindneſs, is, That he ſhall paſs his life under the direction of others; that he has loſt the power of regulating his conduct by his own knowledge, and muſt lye at the mercy of thoſe who undertake to give him aſſiſtance and information.

There is indeed no ſtate more contrary to the dignity of wiſdom, than perpetual and unlimited dependance; in which the underſtanding lies uſeleſs, and every motion is received from ſome external impulſe. Reaſon is the great diſtinction of human nature, the faculty by which we approach to ſome degree of aſſociation with celeſtial intelligences; but as the excellence of any power appears only in its operation, not to have reaſon, and

and to have it uſeleſs and unemployed, is nearly the ſame.

Such is the weakneſs of man, that the eſſence of things is ſeldom ſo much regarded as their external and accidental appendages; and a ſmall variation of trivial circumſtances, a ſlight change of form from an artificial dreſs, or a caſual difference of appearance from a new light and ſituation, will conciliate affection or excite abhorrence, and determine us to purſue or to avoid. Every man conſiders a neceſſity of compliance with any will but his own, as the loweſt ſtate of ignominy and meanneſs; and few are ſo far loſt in cowardice or negligence, as not to rouſe at the firſt inſult of tyranny, and exert all their force againſt him who uſurps their property, or invades any privilege of ſpeech or action. Yet nothing is more common, than to ſee thoſe who never wanted ſpirit to expel encroachment or oppoſe violence, by a gradual relaxation of their vigilance, at length delivering up, without capitulation, the fortreſs which they defended againſt attacks, and laying down unbidden the weapons which they graſped the harder for every attempt to wreſt them out of their hands. Men eminent for ſpirit and for wiſdom, often reſign themſelves to voluntary pupillage, and ſuffer their lives to be modelled by officious ignorance, and their choice to be regulated by preſumptuous *ſtupidity*.

This

This unreſiſting acquieſcence in the determination of others, is ſometimes the conſequence of application to ſome particular ſtudy remote from the beaten track of life; ſome employment which does not allow leiſure ſufficient for the inſpection of thoſe petty affairs, by which Nature has decreed a great part of their duration to be filled, and which ſo much engages and contracts the attention, that it cannot eaſily extend itſelf to the whole circle of duty. To a mind thus withdrawn from common objects, it is more eligible to repoſe on the prudence of another, than to be expoſed every moment to trivial interruptions. The ſubmiſſion which ſuch confidence requires is paid without pain, becauſe it implies no confeſſion of inferiority; the buſineſs from which we withdraw our cogniſance, is not above our abilities, but below our notice. We pleaſe our pride with the effects of our influence thus weakly exerted, and fancy ourſelves placed in a higher orb, from which we regulate ſubordinate agents by a ſlight and diſtant ſuperintendance. But whatever vanity or abſtraction may ſuggeſt, no man can ſafely do that by others which might be done by himſelf: he that indulges negligence, will quickly become ignorant of his own affairs; and he that truſts without reſerve, will at laſt be deceived.

It is however impoſſible, but that as the attention tends *ſtrongly* towards one thing, it muſt re-

tire from another; and he therefore that omits the care of domeſtic buſineſs becauſe he is engroſſed by enquiries of more importance to mankind, has at leaſt the merit of ſuffering in a good cauſe. But there are many who can plead no ſuch extenuation of their folly; who ſhake off the burden of their ſtation, not that they may ſoar with leſs encumbrance to the heights of knowledge or of virtue, but that they may loiter at eaſe, and ſleep in quiet; and who ſelect for friendſhip and for confidence, not the faithful and the virtuous, but the ſoft, the civil, and compliant.

This openneſs to flattery is the common diſgrace of declining life. When men feel weakneſs encreaſing on them, they naturally deſire to reſt from the ſtruggles of contradiction, the fatigue of reaſoning, and the anxiety of circumſpection; and when they are hourly tormented with pains and diſeaſes, they are unable to bear any other diſturbance, and generally conſider all oppoſition as an addition to miſery, of which they feel already more than they can patiently endure. Thus deſirous of peace, and thus fearful of pain, the old man ſeldom enquires after any other qualities in thoſe whom he favours and careſſes, than quickneſs in conjecturing his deſires, activity in ſupplying his wants, dexterity in intercepting complaints or remonſtrances, before they can approach near *enough* to diſturb him; flexibility to his preſent

humour,

ır, ſubmiſſion to haſty petulance, and atten-
wearisome narrations. By theſe arts alone
have been able to defeat the claims of kin-
nd of merit, and to enrich themſelves with
ts and legacies.

ſyſbulus inherited a large fortune from his
ors, and augmented it by a marriage with
reſs, and the revenues of ſeveral lucrative
ments, which he diſcharged with honour
xterity. He was at laſt wiſe enough to con-
that life was not to be devoted wholly to ac-
ıtion; and therefore reſigned his employ-
retired to his eſtate, and applied himſelf
education of his children, and the cultiva-
domeſtic happineſs.

paſſed ſeveral years in this pleaſing amuſe-
and ſaw his care recompenſed by its effects;
ıghters were celebrated for modeſty and ele-
and his ſons for learning, prudence, and
In time, the eagerneſs, with which all the
ouring gentlemen courted his alliance, obli-
m to reſign his daughters to other families;
acity and curioſity of his ſons, hurried them
rural privacy into the open world, from
e they had not very ſoon an inclination to
This, however, was no more than he had
hoped; he therefore pleaſed himſelf with
ceſs of his ſchemes, and felt none of the in-

conveniencies of ſolitude, till an apoplexy deprived him of his wife.

Thraſybulus had now no companion, and the maladies of encreaſing years took from him much of the power of procuring amuſement for himſelf; he therefore thought it neceſſary to procure ſome inferior friend, who might eaſe him of his economical ſolicitudes, and divert him by chearful converſation. He ſoon recollected all theſe qualities in *Vafer*, a clerk in one of the offices over which he had formerly preſided. *Vafer* was therefore invited to viſit his old patron; and being by his ſtation neceſſarily acquainted with the preſent modes of life, and by conſtant practice dexterous in buſineſs, entertained him with ſo many novelties, and ſo readily diſentangled his affairs, that his preſence was thought the principal conſtituent of happineſs; and he was deſired to reſign his clerkſhip, and accept a liberal ſalary in the houſe of *Thraſybulus*.

Vafer had always lived in a ſtate of dependance, and was therefore well verſed in all the arts by which favour is obtained; and having been long accuſtomed to repreſs all ſtarts of reſentment, and ſallies of confidence, could, without any repugnance or heſitation, accommodate himſelf to every caprice, adopt every opinion, and echo every aſſertion. He never doubted but to be convinced,

no

nor ever attempted oppoſition but to flatter *Thraſybulus* with the opinion of a victory. By this practice he made way quickly into the heart of his patron; and having firſt made himſelf agreeable, ſoon became important. His inſidious diligence, by which the lazineſs of age was gratified, ſoon engroſſed the management of all affairs; and his warm profeſſions of kindneſs, petty offices of civility, and occaſional interceſſions, prevailed on the tenants to conſider him as their friend and benefactor, to conſult him in all their ſchemes, and to entreat his enforcement of their repreſentations of hard years, and his countenance to petitions for abatement of rent.

Thraſybulus had now banquetted on flattery, till he could no longer bear the harſhneſs of remonſtrance, or the inſipidity of truth. All contrariety to his own opinion ſhocked him like a violation of ſome natural right, and all recommendation of his affairs to his own inſpection was dreaded by him as a ſummons to torture. His children were alarmed by the ſudden riches of *Vafer*; but their complaints were heard by their father with impatience, and their advice rejected with rage, as the reſult of a conſpiracy againſt his quiet, and a deſign to condemn him for their own advantage, to grone out his laſt hours in perplexity and drudgery. The daughters retired with tears in their eyes; but

the

the ſon continued his importunities, till he
his inheritance hazarded by his obſtinacy.
having thus triumphed over all their efforts,
nued to confirm himſelf in authority, and e
his acquiſitions; and, at the death of his
purchaſed an eſtate, and bad defiance to e
and juſtice.

N

N° 163. *Tueſday, October* 8. 1751.

Mitte ſuperba pati faſtidia, ſpemque caducam
Deſpice; vive tibi, nam moriere tibi.

SENECA.

NONE of the innumerable cruelties exerciſed by wealth and power upon indigence and dependance, is more miſchievous in s conſequences, or more frequently practiſed with anton negligence, than the encouragement of exectations which are never to be gratified, and the ation and depreſſion of the heart by viciſſitudes of ope and diſappointment.

Every man is rich or poor, according to the proortion between his deſires and enjoyments; any ılargement of wiſhes is therefore equally deſtructve to happineſs with the diminution of poſſeſſion; ıd he that teaches another to long for that which e never ſhall obtain, is no leſs an enemy to his iiet, than he who robs him of part of his patriony.

But repreſentations thus refined, exhibit no adeıate idea of the guilt of pretended friendſhip, of artifices,

artifices, by which followers are attracted only to decorate the retinue of pomp, and ſwell the ſhout of popularity, and to be diſmiſſed with contempt and ignominy, when their officiouſneſs is no longer uſeful, when their leader has ſucceeded or miſcarried, when he is ſick of ſhow and weary of noiſe. While a man, infatuated with the promiſes of greatneſs, waſtes his days and hours in attendance and ſolicitation, the honeſt opportunities of improving his condition paſs by without his notice; he neglects to cultivate his own barren ſoil, becauſe he expects every moment to be placed in regions of ſpontaneous fertility; and is ſeldom rouſed from his deluſion, but by the gripe of diſtreſs which he cannot reſiſt, and the ſenſe of evils which cannot be remedied.

The puniſhment of *Tantalus* in the infernal regions, affords a very juſt image of hungry ſervility, always flattered with the approach of advantage, always doomed to loſe it before it comes into his reach, always within a few days of felicity, and always ſinking back to his former wants.

Καὶ μὲν Τάνταλον ἐισεῖδον χαλέπ' ἄλγε' ἔχοντα
Ἐςάοτ' ἐν λίμνῃ, ἡ δὲ προσέπλαζε γενείω.
Στεῦτο δὲ διψάων. πιέειν δ' οὐκ εἶχεν ἐλεσθαι.
Ὁσσάκι γὰρ κῦψει ὁ γέρων πιέειν μενεαίνων,
Τοσσάχ' ὅδωρ αχολέσκετ' ἀναβροχθὲν· ἀμφὶ δὲ ποσσὶ
Γαῖα μέλαινα φάνεσκε· καταζήνασκε δὲ δαίμων.

Δένδρα

Δένδρεα δ' ὑψιπέτηλα καταχρῆθεν χέε καρπὸν.
Ὄγχναι, καὶ ῥοιαὶ, καὶ μηλέαι αγλαόκαρποι.
Συκαῖ τέ γλυκεραὶ, καὶ ἐλαῖαι τηλεθόωσαι.
Τῶν ὁπότ' ἰθύσει ὁ γέρων ἐπὶ χερσὶ μάσασθαι
Τὰς δ' ἄνεμος ῥίπτασκε ποτὶ νέφεα σκιόεντα.

I ſaw," ſays *Homer*'s *Ulyſſes*, "the ſevere puniſhment of *Tantalus*. In a lake, whoſe waters approached to his lips, he ſtood burning with thirſt, without the power to drink. Whenever he inclined his head to the ſtream, ſome deity commanded it to be dry, and the dark earth appeared at his feet. Around him lofty trees ſpread their fruits to view; the pear, the pomegranate, the apple, the green olive, and the luſcious fig, quivered before him; but whenever he extended his hand to ſeize them, they were ſnatched by the winds into clouds and obſcurity."

This image of miſery was perhaps originally ſugeſted to ſome poet by the conduct of his patron, y the daily contemplation of ſplendour which he ever muſt partake, by fruitleſs attempts to catch : interdicted happineſs, and by the ſudden evaneſence of his reward when he thought his labours moſt at an end. To groan with poverty, when l about him was opulence, riot, and ſuperfluity, d to find the favours which he had long been ıcouraged to hope, and had long endeavoured to

deſerve, ſquandered at laſt on nameleſs ignc
was to thirſt with water flowing before hin
to ſee the fruits to which his hunger was l
ing, ſcattered by the wind. Nor can m
reſpondent, whatever he may have ſuffere
preſs with more juſtneſs or force the vexat
dependance.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Am one of thoſe unhappy beings whc
been courted and envied as the favou
the great. Having often gained the prize o
poſition at the univerſity, I began, in tir
hope that I ſhould obtain the ſame diſtinc
every other place, and determined to forſa
ſtudy of the profeſſion to which I was deſti
my parents, and in which the intereſt of my
ly would have procured me a very advant
ſettlement. The pride of wit fluttered
heart; and when I prepared to leave the c
nothing entered my imagination, but honou
reſſes, and rewards; riches without labou
luxury without expence.

I however delayed my departure for a tir
finiſh the performance by which I was to dr
firſt notice of mankind upon me. When it

aſt completed, I hurried away to *London*, and conſidered every moment that paſſed before its publiːation, as loſt in a kind of neutral exiſtence, and ːut off from the golden hours of happineſs and ame. The piece was at laſt publiſhed, and diſeminated by a rapid ſale. I wandered from one lace of concourſe to another, feaſted from morng to night on the repetition of my own praiſes, nd enjoyed the various conjectures of critics, the niſtaken candour of my friends, and the impotent nalice of my enemies. Some had read the manucript, and rectified its inaccuracies; others had een it in a ſtate ſo imperfect, that they could not orbear to wonder at its preſent excellence; ſome ad converſed with the author at the coffee-houſe, nd others gave hints that they had lent him oney.

I knew that no performance is ſo favourably ead as that of an author who ſuppreſſes his name; nd therefore reſolved to conceal myſelf, till thoſe y whom literary reputation is eſtabliſhed had gi-en their ſuffrages too publicly to retract them. t length my bookſeller informed me, that *Auantius*, the ſtanding patron of merit, had ſent nquiries after me, and invited me to his acuaintance.

The time which I had long expected, was now rrived. I went to *Aurantius* with a beating heart;

for I looked upon our interview as the critical moment of my deſtiny. I was received with civilities, which my academic rudeneſs made me unable to repay; but when I had recovered from my firſt confuſion, I proſecuted the converſation with ſuch livelineſs and propriety, that I confirmed my new friend in his eſteem of my abilities, and was diſmiſſed with all the ardour of profeſſion and rapture of fondneſs,

I was ſoon ſummoned to dine with *Aurantius*, who had aſſembled the moſt judicious of his friends to partake of the entertainment. Again I exerted my powers of ſentiment and expreſſion, and again found every eye ſparkling with delight, and every tongue ſilent with attention. I now became familiar at the table of *Aurantius*; but could never, in his moſt private or jocund hours, obtain more from him than general declarations of eſteem, or endearments of tenderneſs; which included no particular promiſe, and which therefore conferred no claim. This frigid reſerve ſomewhat diſguſted me; and therefore when he complained of three days abſence, I took care to inform him with how much importunity of kindneſs I had been detained by his rival *Pollio*.

Aurantius now conſidered his honour as endangered by the deſertion of a wit; and that I might *have no more* inclination to wander, told me, that

I ſhould never find a friend more conſtant or zealous than himſelf; that indeed he had made no promiſes, becauſe he hoped to ſurpriſe me with advancement; but had been ſilently promoting my intereſt, and ſhould continue his good offices, unleſs he found that the kindneſs of others was more deſired.

If you, Mr RAMBLER, have ever ventured your philoſophy within the attraction of greatneſs, you know the force of ſuch language properly introduced with a ſmile of tenderneſs, and impreſſed at the concluſion with an air of ſolemn ſincerity. From that inſtant I gave myſelf up wholly to *Aurantius*; and, as he immediately reſumed his former gaiety, expected every morning a ſummons to ſome employment of dignity and profit. One month ſucceeded another; and, in defiance of appearances, I ſtill fancied myſelf nearer to my wiſhes, and continued to dream of ſucceſs, and wake to diſappointment. At laſt the failure of my little fortune compelled me to abate the finery which I had hitherto thought neceſſary to the company with which I aſſociated, and the rank to which I ſhould be raiſed. *Aurantius*, from the moment in which he diſcovered my poverty, conſidered me as wholly in his power; and afterwards rather permitted my attendance than invited it, thought himſelf at liberty to refuſe my viſits whenever he had any other amuſement in his power;

and

and often ſuffered me to wait, without pretending any neceſſary buſineſs. When I was admitted to his table, if any man of rank equal to his own was preſent, he took occaſion to mention my writings, and commend my ingenuity; by which he intended to apologize for the confuſion of diſtinctions, and the improper aſſortment of his company; and often called upon me to entertain his friends with ſome of my productions, as a ſportſman delights the 'Squires of his neighbourhood with the curvets of his horſe, or the obedience of his ſpaniels.

To complete my mortification, it was his practice to impoſe taſks upon me, by requiring me to write upon ſuch ſubjects as he thought ſuſceptible of ornament and illuſtration. With theſe extorted performances he was never ſatisfied, becauſe he never found in them the ſame ideas which his own imagination had ſuggeſted, and which he therefore thought more natural than mine.

When the pale of ceremony is broken, rudeneſs and inſult ſoon enter at the breach. He had now found that he might ſafely harraſs me with vexation, that he had fixed the ſhackles of patronage upon me, and that I neither could reſiſt nor eſcape. At laſt, in the eighth year of my ſervitude, when the clamour of my creditors was vehement, and my neceſſity known to be extreme, he offered me a *ſmall* office; but hinted his expectations, that I

ſhould

ſhould marry a young woman with whom he had been acquainted.

I was not ſo far depreſſed by my calamities as to comply with his propoſal; but knowing that complaints and expoſtulations would but gratify his inſolence, I turned away with that contempt, with which I hope I ſhall never want ſpirit to treat a wretch who can outgo the guilt of a robber without the temptation of his profit, and who lures the credulous and thoughtleſs to maintain the ſhow of his levee, and the mirth of his table, at the expence of honour, happineſs, and life. I am,

SIR, &c.

LIBERALIS.

N° 164. *Saturday, October* 12. 1751.

——Vitium, Gaure, Catonis habes. MART.

PRaiſe and diſtinction are ſo pleaſing to the pride of man, that they are univerſally deſired; and a great part of the pain and pleaſure of life ariſes from the gratification or diſappointment of this inceſſant wiſh for ſuperiority, from the ſucceſs or miſcarriage of ſecret competitions, from victories and defeats of which none are conſcious except ourſelves.

Proportionate to the prevalence of the love of praiſe is the variety of means by which its attainment is attempted. Every man, however hopeleſs his pretenſions may appear to all but himſelf, has ſome project by which he hopes to riſe to reputation; ſome art by which he imagines that the notice of the reſt of the world will be attracted; ſome quality, good or bad, which diſcriminates him from the common herd of mortals, and by which others are either perſuaded to love, or compelled to fear him. The aſcents of honour, however ſteep, never appear inacceſſible: every man thinks, *that though* he cannot ſcale the precipices by which valour

valour and learning have conducted their favourites; yet he has diſcovered ſome by-path, or eaſier acclivity, which, though it will never conduct him to the ſummit, will yet enable him to overlook thoſe with whom he is now contending for eminence; and we ſeldom require more to the happineſs of the preſent hour, than to ſurpaſs him that ſtands next before us.

As the greater part of mankind ſpeak and act wholly by imitation, moſt of thoſe who aſpire to honour and applauſe, propoſe to themſelves ſome example which ſerves as the model of their conduct, and the limit of their hopes. Almoſt every man, if he be cloſely examined, will be found to have enliſted himſelf under ſome leader whom he expects to conduct him to renown; to have ſome hero or other, whether living or dead, perpetually in his view, whoſe character he endeavours to aſſume, and whoſe performances he labours to equal.

When the original is well choſen and judiciouſly copied, the imitator often arrives at excellence, which he could never have attained without direction; for few are formed with abilities to diſcover new poſſibilities of excellence, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves by means never tried before.

But it *very frequently* happens, that ſolly and

idleneſs contrive to gratify pride at a cheaper rate; that not the qualities which are moſt illuſtrious, but thoſe which are of eaſieſt attainment, are ſelected to be copied; and that the honours and rewards which public gratitude has paid to the benefactors of mankind, are expected by wretches who can only imitate them in their vices and defects, or adopt ſome petty ſingularities, of which thoſe from whom they are borrowed were ſecretly aſhamed.

No man riſes to ſuch height as to become conſpicuous, but as he is on one ſide cenſured by undiſcerning malice, which reproaches him for his beſt actions, and ſlanders his apparent and inconteſtable excellencies; he is idolized on the other part by ignorant admiration, which exalts his faults and follies into virtues. It may be obſerved, that a man by whoſe intimacy his acquaintances imagine themſelves dignified, generally diffuſes among them his mien and his habits. And indeed without more vigilance than is generally applied to the regulation of the minuter parts of behaviour, it is not eaſy when we converſe much with a man whoſe general character excites our veneration, to eſcape all contagion of his peculiarities, even when we do not deliberately think them worthy of our notice; and when they would perhaps have excited laughter or diſguſt, had they not been protected by their

their alliance to nobler qualities, and accidentally conſorted with knowledge and with virtue.

The faults of a man loved or honoured, which ſometimes ſteal ſecretly and imperceptibly upon the wiſe and virtuous, are by injudicious fondneſs, or thoughtleſs vanity, often adopted with deſign, and boaſted as reſemblances of acknowledged merit. There is ſcarce any failing of mind or body, any errour of opinion, or depravity of practice, which, inſtead of its natural effect of producing ſhame and diſcontent, has not at one time or other gladdened vanity with the hopes of praiſe, and been diſplayed with oſtentatious induſtry, by thoſe who ſought kindred minds among the wits or heroes, and could prove their relation only by ſimilitude of deformity.

In conſequence of this perverſe ambition, every habit which reaſon condemns may be indulged and avowed. When a man is reproached for his faults, he may be pardoned for endeavouring to fly for ſhelter to ſome celebrated name: but it is ſurely not to be ſuffered, that from the retreats to which he fled from infamy, he ſhould iſſue again with the confidence of conqueſt, and call upon mankind for praiſes and rewards. Yet we ſee men that waſte their patrimony in luxury, deſtroy their bodies with debauchery, and enervate their minds with idleneſs, *becauſe* there have been ſome whom

N° 165. *Tueſday, October* 15. 1751.

Ἦν νίος, ἀλλὰ πίνης; νῦν γηρᾷν, πλούσιός εἶμι.
Ὦ μόνος ἐκ πάντων οἰκτρὸς ἐν ἀμφοτέροις.
Ὃς τότε μὲν χρῆσθαι δυνάμην, ὁπότ' οὐδὲ ἐν εἶχον.
Νῦν δ' ὁπότε χρῆσθαι μὴ δυνάμαι, τόν' ἔχω.

ANTIPHILUS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THE writers who have undertaken the unpromiſing taſk of moderating paſſion and regulating deſire, have exerted all the power of their eloquence, to ſhew that happineſs is not the lot of man, and have by many arguments and examples proved the inſtability of every condition by which envy or ambition are excited. They have ſet before our eyes all the calamities to which we are expoſed from the frailty of nature, the influence of accident, or the ſtratagems of malice; and have terrified greatneſs with conſpiracies, and riches with anxieties, wit with criticiſm, and beauty with diſeaſe.

All

All the force of argument, and all the charms of language, are indeed neceſſary to ſupport poſitions which every man hears with a wiſh to confute them. Truth finds an eaſy entrance into the mind when ſhe is introduced by deſire, and attended by pleaſure; but when ſhe intrudes uncalled, and brings only fear and ſorrow in her train, all the paſſes of the intellect are barred againſt her by prejudice and defended by paſſion; and though ſhe may ſometimes force her way by the batteries of reaſon, ſhe can ſeldom long keep poſſeſſion of her conqueſt, but is ejected by ſome favoured enemy, or at beſt obtain only a nominal ſovereignty, without influence and without authority.

That life is ſhort, we are all convinced, and yet ſuffer not that conviction to repreſs our projects or limit our expectations; that life is miſerable, we all feel, and yet we believe that the time is near when we ſhall feel it no longer. But to hope happineſs and immortality, is equally vain. Our ſtate may indeed be more or leſs embittered, as our duration may be more or leſs contracted: yet the utmoſt felicity which we can ever attain, will be little better than an alleviation of miſery; and we ſhall always feel more pain from our wants than pleaſure from our enjoyments. To deſtroy the effects of all our ſucceſs, it is not neceſſary that any ſignal calamity ſhould fall upon us, that we ſhould be harraſſed by implacable perſecution,

or

or excruciated by irremediable pains: the brightest hours of proſperity have their clouds; and the ſtream of life, if it is not ruffled by obſtructions will grow putrid by ſtagnation.

I was deſcended of a family, of which every generation had waſted part of the ancient patrimony. My father reſolved no longer to imitate the folly of his anceſtors, who always left the younger ſons as encumbrances on the eldeſt; but deſtined me to a lucrative profeſſion, and excited my diligence from my earlieſt years by repreſentations of the penury and meanneſs in which I muſt paſs my time, if I did not raiſe myſelf to independance and plenty by honeſt application. I heard him with reverence, and endeavoured to obey him; and having been careful to loſe no opportunity of improvement, was, at the uſual time in which young men enter the world, well qualified for the exerciſe of the profeſſion which I had choſen.

My eagerneſs to diſtinguiſh myſelf in public, and my impatience of the narrow ſcheme of life to which my indigence confined me, did not ſuffer me to continue long in the town where I was born, and in which I had always lived, except when the univerſity exacted my attendance. I went away as from a place of confinement, with a reſolution to return no more, till I ſhould be *able to dazzle* with my ſplendour thoſe who now looked

looked upon me with contempt; to reward thoſe who had paid any honours to my dawning merit; and to ſhow all thoſe who had ſuffered me to glide by them unknown and neglected, how much they miſtook their intereſt in omitting to propitiate a genius like mine.

Such were the intentions with which I ſallied forth into the unknown world in queſt of riches and honours; which, with the confidence of unexperienced vivacity, I expected to procure in a very ſhort time: for what could with-hold them from induſtry and knowledge? He that indulges hope, will always be diſappointed. Reputation indeed I very ſoon obtained; but as merit is much more cheaply acknowledged than rewarded, I did not find myſelf yet enriched in proportion to my celebrity. I was therefore ſoon awakened from my dream of inſtantaneous affluence; but however was ſufficiently encouraged to perſeverance by the gradual encreaſe of profit, and the proſpect which every ſtep of progreſſive fortune opens to new advantages.

I had in time ſurmounted all the obſtacles by which envy and competition obſtruct the firſt attempts of a new claimant, and ſaw thoſe who had oppoſed me, tacitly confeſſing their deſpair of ſucceſs, by courting my friendſhip and promoting my intereſt. They who once purſued me, were now

ſatisfied to eſcape from me; and they who ha before thought me preſumptuous in hoping to vertake them, had now their utmoſt wiſh, if the were permitted at no great diſtance quietly to fo low me.

I did not ſuffer my ſucceſs to elate me to inſ lence, nor made uſe of my ſuperiority to retu the injuries which I had ſuffered only for ende vouring to gain it. I conſidered not myſelf as e empted from the neceſſity of caution; but remen bered, that as no man can truly think his voya ended while he is yet floating upon the wate however nearly he may approach the port, ſo that is yet at the mercy of the public can nev ſafely relax his vigilance.

I did not ſuffer my wants to be multiplied as n acquiſitions were encreaſed; and the time came length when I thought myſelf enabled to gratify reaſonable deſires; and when, therefore, I reſolv no longer to truſt my quiet to chance; but to e joy that plenty and ſerenity which I had been h therto labouring to procure; to enjoy them wh I was yet neither cruſhed by age into infirmit nor ſo habituated to a particular manner of life, to be unqualified for any new ſtudies or entertai ments.

I now quitted my profeſſion; and to ſet myſ

at once free from all importunities to reſume it, changed my reſidence, and devoted the remaining part of my time to quiet and amuſement. Amidſt innumerable projects of pleaſure which reſtleſs idleneſs incited me to form, and of which moſt, when they came to the moment of execution, were rejected for others of no longer continuance, ſome accident revived in my imagination the pleaſing ideas of my native place. It was now in my power to viſit thoſe from whom I had been ſo long abſent, in ſuch a manner as was conſiſtent with my former reſolution; and I therefore wondered how it could happen, that I had ſo long delayed my own happineſs.

Full of the admiration which I ſhould excite, and the homage which I ſhould receive, I dreſſed my ſervants in more oſtentatious livery, purchaſed a magnificent chariot, and reſolved to dazzle the inhabitants of the little town with an unexpected blaze of greatneſs.

While the preparations which my vanity required were made for my departure, which, as workmen will not eaſily be hurried beyond their ordinary rate, I thought very tedious, I ſolaced my impatience with imagining the various cenſures which my appearance would produce, the hopes which ſome would feel of favours from my bounty, *the terrour with* which the power which riches

always confer would ſtrike on others, the aukwar reſpect with which I ſhould be accoſted by timo rous officiouſneſs, and the diſtant reverence wit which others leſs familiar to ſplendour and dignit would be contented to gaze upon me. I delibera ted a long time, whether I ſhould immediately de ſcend to a level with my former acquaintances, o make my condeſcenſion more grateful by a gentl tranſition from haughtineſs and reſerve. At lengt I determined to forget moſt of my companion till they diſcovered themſelves by ſome indubi table token, and to receive the congratulations c others upon my good fortune with indifference, t ſhow that I always expected what I had at laſt ob tained. The acclamations of the populace I pur poſed to reward with ſix hogſheads of ale, and roaſted ox, and then recommend to them to retur to their work.

At laſt all the trappings of grandeur were fitted and I began the journey of triumph, which I coul have wiſhed to have ended in the ſame moment but my horſes felt none of their maſter's ardou and I was ſhaken four days upon rugged ways. then entered the town; and having graciouſly l fall the glaſſes, that my perſon might be ſee paſſed ſlowly through the ſtreet. The noiſe of t wheels brought the inhabitants to their doors; b I could not perceive that I was known by then *At laſt I* alighted; and my name I ſuppoſe w

told by my ſervants: for the barber ſtept from the oppoſite houſe, and ſeized me by the hand with honeſt joy in his countenance; which, according to the rule which I had preſcribed to myſelf, I repreſſed with a frigid graciouſneſs. The fellow, inſtead of ſinking into dejection, turned away with contempt, and left me to conſider how the ſecond ſalutation ſhould be received. The next friend was better treated; for I ſoon found, that I muſt purchaſe by civility that regard which I had expected to enforce by inſolence.

There was yet no ſmoke of bonfires, no harmony of bells, no ſhout of crouds, nor riot of joy. The buſineſs of the day went forward as before; and after having ordered a ſplendid ſupper which no man came to partake, and which my chagrin hindered me from taſting, I went to bed; where the vexation of my diſappointment overpowered the fatigue of my journey, and kept me from ſleep.

I roſe ſo much humbled by thoſe mortifications, as to enquire after the preſent ſtate of the town; and found, that I had been abſent too long to obtain the triumph which had flattered my expectation. Of the friends whoſe compliments I expected, ſome had long ago moved to diſtant provinces; ſome had loſt, in the maladies of age, all ſenſe of another's proſperity; and ſome had forgotten

forgotten our former intimacy amidſt care a
diſtreſſes. Of three whom I had reſolved to p
niſh for their former offences by a longer con
nuance of neglect, one was, by his own induſtr
raiſed above my ſcorn, and two were ſhelter
from it in the grave. All thoſe whom I love
or feared, or hated, all whoſe envy or whoſe kin
neſs I had hopes of contemplating with pleaſur
were ſwept away, and their place was filled by
new generation with other views and other con
petitions; and, among many other proofs of t
impotence of wealth, I found that it conferred u
on me very few diſtinctions in my native place.

I am,

SIR, &c.

SEROTIN

N° 16

N° 166. *Saturday, October* 19. 1751.

Pauper eris ſemper, ſi pauper es, Æmiliane;
Dantur opes nullis nunc niſi divitibus. MART.

NO complaint has been more frequently repeated in all ages, than that of the neglect of merit aſſociated with poverty, and of the difficulty with which valuable or pleaſing qualities force themſelves into view, when they are obſcured by indigence. It has been long obſerved, that native beauty has very little power to charm without the ornaments which fortune beſtows; and that to want the favour of others, is very often ſufficient to hinder us from obtaining it.

The obſervation of every day diſcovers, that mankind are not yet convinced of their errour, or that their conviction is without power to influence their conduct; for poverty ſtill continues to produce contempt, and very often obſtructs the claims of kindred and of virtue. The eye of wealth is always elevated towards higher ſtations, and ſeldom deſcends to examine the actions of thoſe who

are

are placed below the level of its notice, and who, in diſtant regions and lower ſituations, are ſtruggling with diſtreſs, or toiling for bread. Among the multitudes overwhelmed with inſuperable calamity, it is common to find thoſe whom a very little aſſiſtance would enable to ſupport themſelves with decency, and who yet cannot obtain from near relations what they ſee hourly laviſhed in oſtentation, luxury, or frolic.

It is certain that poverty does not eaſily conciliate affection. He that has been confined from his infancy to the converſation of the loweſt claſſes of mankind, muſt neceſſarily want thoſe accompliſhments which are the uſual means of attracting kindneſs. And though truth, and fortitude, and probity give an indiſputable right to honours and rewards; yet they are not eaſily diſtinguiſhed by common eyes, unleſs they are brightened by elegance of manners; but are caſt aſide like unpoliſhed gems, of which none but the artiſt knows the intrinſic value, till their aſperities are ſmoothed and their incruſtations rubbed away.

The groſſneſs of vulgar habits obſtructs the influence of virtue, as impurity and harſhneſs of ſtyle impairs the efficacy of reaſon, and rugged numbers turn off the attention from the artifice of diſpoſition, and vigour of invention. Few have ſtrength of reaſon ſufficient to over-rule the perceptions of

ſenſe;

ſenſe; and yet fewer have ſo much curioſity or benevolence as to ſtruggle long againſt the firſt impreſſion: he therefore who fails to pleaſe in his ſalutation and addreſs, is commonly rejected without farther trial, and never obtains an opportunity of ſhowing his latent excellencies, or eſſential qualities.

It is indeed not eaſy to preſcribe a ſucceſsful manner of approach to thoſe whoſe condition ſubjects every kind of behaviour equally to miſcarriage. He whoſe confidence of merit incites him to meet, without any apparent ſenſe of inferiority, the eyes of thoſe who have flattered themſelves with their own dignity, is conſidered as an inſolent leveller, impatient of the juſt prerogatives of rank and wealth, eager to uſurp the ſtation to which he has no right, and to confound the ſubordinations of ſociety; and who would contribute to the exaltation of that ſpirit, which want and diſtreſs are not able to reſtrain from rudeneſs and rebellion?

But no better ſucceſs will commonly be found to attend ſervility and dejection, which too often give pride the confidence to treat them with contempt. A requeſt made with diffidence and timidity is eaſily denied, becauſe the petitioner himſelf ſeems to doubt its fitneſs.

Kindneſs is generally reciprocal; we are deſirous

of pleaſing others, becauſe we have received pleaſure from them: but by what means can the man pleaſe, whoſe attention is engroſſed by his diſtreſſes, and who has therefore no leiſure to be officious; whoſe will is reſtrained by his neceſſities, and who has therefore no power to confer benefits; whoſe temper is perhaps vitiated by miſery, and whoſe underſtanding is impeded by ignorance?

What is yet a more offenſive diſcouragement, the ſame actions performed by different hands produce different effects, and, inſtead of rating the man by his performances, we rate too frequently the performance by the man. It ſometimes happens in the combinations of life, that very important ſervices are performed by inferiors: but though their zeal and activity may ſometimes be paid by pecuniary rewards, they ſeldom excite that flow of gratitude, or obtain that accumulation of recompence, with which every man thinks it his duty to acknowledge the favour of thoſe who deſcend to his aſſiſtance from a higher elevation. To be obliged, is to be, in ſome reſpect, inferior to another: and therefore no man willingly indulges the memory of an action which raiſes one whom he has always been accuſtomed to think below him; but ſatisfies himſelf with faint praiſe and penurious payment, and then drives it from his own mind, and endeavours to conceal it from the knowledge of others.

It may be always objected to the ſervices of thoſe who can be ſuppoſed to want a reward, that they were not produced by kindneſs, but by intereſt: they are therefore, when they are no longer wanted, eaſily diſregarded as arts of inſinuation, or ſtratagems of ſelfiſhneſs, which it is juſt and prudent to diſcountenance. Thoſe offices which are received as gifts from wealth, are exacted as debts from indigence; and he that in a high ſtation is celebrated for his generoſity, would in a meaner condition have barely been confeſſed to have done his duty.

It is ſcarcely poſſible for the utmoſt benevolence, to oblige, when it is exerted under the diſadvantages of great inferiority: for by the habitual arrogance of wealth, ſuch expectations are commonly formed as no zeal or induſtry can ſatisfy; and what regard can he hope, who has done leſs than was demanded from him?

There are, however, many kindneſſes conferred which were never purchaſed by any precedent favours; and there is an affection, not ariſing from gratitude or intereſt, by which ſimilar natures are attracted to each other, without proſpect of any other advantage, than the pleaſure of exchanging ſentiments without reſerve, and the hope of confirming their eſteem of themſelves, by the approbation of *each other*. But this ſpontaneous fond*neſs very ſeldom* riſes at the ſight of poverty, whic

which every one has been accuſtomed to look with contempt, and of which the applauſe is more courted by vanity, than the countenance ſolicited by ambition. The moſt generous diſintereſted friendſhip, muſt be reſolved at laſt to the love of ourſelves; and he, therefore, wh reputation or dignity inclines us to conſider eſteem as a teſtimonial of deſert, will always our hearts open to his endearments. We ev day ſee men of eminence, followed with all obſequiouſneſs of dependance, and courted w all the blandiſhments of flattery, by thoſe v want nothing from them but profeſſions of rega and who think themſelves liberally rewarded b bow, a ſmile, or an embrace.

But thoſe prejudices which every mind f more or leſs in favour of riches, ought, like ot opinions, which only cuſtom and example h impreſſed upon us, to be in time ſubjected to r ſon. We ought to learn how to ſeparate the character from extraneous adheſions and ca circumſtances; to conſider cloſely him whom are about to adopt or to reject; to regard his in nations as well as his actions; to trace out th virtues which lie torpid in the heart for want opportunity, and thoſe vices that rankle unſ by the abſence of temptation; and when we worth faintly ſhooting in the ſhades of obſcur *to let in* light and ſunſhine upon it, and ripen t *ren volition* into efficacy and power.

N°

N° 167. *Tueſday, October* 22. 1751.

Candida perpetuo reſidet concordia lecto,
Tamque pari ſemper ſit Venus æqua jugo.
Diligat ipſa ſenem quondam, ſed et ipſa marito
Tum quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.

MART.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

IT is not common to envy thoſe with whom we cannot eaſily be placed in compariſon. Every man ſees without malevolence the progreſs of another in the tracks of life, which he has himſelf no deſire to tread; and hears, without any inclination to cavils or contradiction, the renown of thoſe whoſe diſtance will not ſuffer them to draw the attention of mankind from his own merit. The ſailor never thinks it neceſſary to conteſt the lawyer's abilities; nor would the *Rambler*, however jealous of his reputation, be much diſturbed by the ſucceſs of rival wits at *Agra* or *Iſpahan*.

We do not, therefore, aſcribe to you any ſuperlative degree of virtue, when we believe that we

may

may inform you of our change of condition w
out any danger of malignant faſcination; and
when you read of the marriage of your late
reſpondents *Hymenæus* and *Tranquilla*, you will
your wiſhes to thoſe of their other friends, fo
happy event of an union in which caprice
ſelfiſhneſs had ſo little part.

There is at leaſt this reaſon why we ſhoul
leſs deceived in our connubial hopes, than n
others who enter into the ſame ſtate, that we
allowed ourſelves to form no unreaſonable exp
tions, nor vitiated our fancies in the ſoft hou
courtſhip, with viſions of felicity which hu
power cannot beſtow, or of perfection which hu
virtue cannot attain. That impartiality with w
we always endeavoured to inſpect the manne
thoſe with whom we converſed, has not bee
much overpowered by our paſſion, but that
have diſcovered ſome faults and weakneſſes in
other, and joined our hands in conviction, th
there are ſome advantages to be enjoyed in
riage, there are ſome inconveniencies likewiſ
be endured; and that, together with confede
intellects and auxiliar virtues, we muſt find
ferent opinions and oppoſite inclinations.

We however flatter ourſelves, for who is
flattered by himſelf, as well as by others, on
day of marriage? that we are eminently qual

to give pleaſure to each other. Our birth is without any ſuch remarkable diſparity as can give either an opportunity of inſulting the other with pompous names and ſplendid alliances, or of calling in upon any domeſtic controverſy the overbearing aſſiſtance of powerful relations. Our fortune was equally proportionate; ſo that we meet without any of thoſe obligations which always produce reproach, or ſuſpicion of reproach; which, though they may be forgotten in the gaieties of the firſt month, no delicacy will always ſuppreſs, or of which the ſuppreſſion muſt be conſidered as a new favour, to be repaid by tameneſs and ſubmiſſion, till gratitude takes the place of love, and the deſire of pleaſing degenerates by degrees into the fear of offending.

The ſettlements cauſed no delay; for we did not truſt our affairs to the negotiation of wretches who would have paid their court by multiplying ſtipulations. *Tranquilla* ſcorned to detain any part of her fortune from him into whoſe hands ſhe delivered up her perſon; and *Hymenæus* thought no act of baſeneſs more criminal than his who enſlaves his wife by her own generoſity; who, by marrying without a jointure, condemns her to all the dangers of accident and caprice, and at laſt boaſts his liberality by granting what only the indiſcretion of kindneſs enabled him to with-hold. He therefore received on the common terms the

portion

portion which any other woman might have brought him, and reſerved all the exuberance of acknowledgment for thoſe excellencies which he has yet been able to diſcover only in *Tranquilla.*

We did not paſs the weeks of courtſhip like thoſe who conſider themſelves as taking the laſt draught of pleaſure, and therefore reſolve not to quit the bowl without a ſurfeit; or who know themſelves about to ſet happineſs to hazard, and endeavour to loſe their ſenſe of danger in the ebriety of perpetual amuſement, and whirl round the gulph before they ſink. *Hymenæus* often repeated the great medical axiom, That *the ſuccours of ſickneſs ought not to be waſted in health.* We know, that, however our eyes may yet ſparkle, and our hearts bound at the preſence of each other, the time of liſtleſſneſs and ſatiety, of peeviſhneſs and diſcontent, muſt come at laſt, in which we ſhall be driven for relief to ſhews and recreations; that the uniformity of life muſt be ſometimes diverſified, and the vacuities of converſation ſometimes ſupplied. We rejoice in the reflection, that we have ſtores of novelty yet unexhauſted, which may be opened when repletion ſhall call for change; and gratifications yet untaſted, by which life, when it ſhall become vapid or bitter, may be reſtored to its former ſweetneſs and ſprightlineſs, and again irritate the appetite, and again ſparkle in the cup.

Our life will perhaps be leſs taſteleſs than that f thoſe whom the deſpotic authority or avarice of arents unites almoſt without their conſent in their arly years, when they have accumulated no fund f reflection, nor collected any materials for mu-ıal entertainment. Such we have often ſeen ri-ng in the morning to cards, and retiring in the fternoon to doſe; whoſe happineſs was celebrated y their neighbours, becauſe they happened to grow ch by avarice, and to be kept quiet by inſenſibi-ty, and agreed to eat and ſleep together.

We have both mingled with the world, and re therefore no ſtrangers to the faults and virtues, ıe deſigns and competitions, the hopes and fears f our contemporaries. We have both amuſed ur leiſure with books, and can therefore recount ıe events of former times, or cite the dictates of ncient wiſdom. Every occurrence furniſhes us ıith ſome hint which one or the other can im-rove; and if it ſhould happen that both memory nd imagination fail us, we can retire to no idle or nimproving ſolitude.

Though our characters beheld at a diſtance, ex-ibit this general reſemblance, yet a nearer in-ɔection diſcovers ſuch a diſſimilitude of our habi-ıdes and ſentiments, as leaves each ſome peculiar dvantages; and affords that *concordia diſcors*, that ıitable diſagreement, which is always neceſſary to

intellectual harmony. There may be a total diverſity of ideas which admits no participation of the ſame delight; and there may likewiſe be ſuch a conformity of notions, as leaves neither any thing to add to the deciſions of the other. With ſuch contrariety there can be no peace, with ſuch ſimilarity there can be no pleaſure. Our reaſonings, though often formed upon different views, terminate generally in the ſame concluſion. Our thoughts, like rivulets, iſſuing from diſtant ſprings, each impregnated in its courſe with various mixtures, and tinged by infuſions unknown to the other; yet at laſt eaſily unite into one ſtream, and purify themſelves by the gentle effervеſcence of contrary qualities.

Theſe benefits we receive in a greater degree as we converſe without reſerve, becauſe we have nothing to conceal. We have no debts to be paid by imperceptible deductions from our avowed expences, no habits to be indulged by the private connivance of a favoured ſervant, no private interviews with needy relations, no intelligence with ſpies placed upon each other. We conſidered marriage as the moſt ſolemn league of perpetual friendſhip; a ſtate from which artifice and concealment are to be baniſhed for ever, and in which every act of diſſimulation is a breach of faith.

The impetuous vivacity of youth, and that ar-

dour

dour of deſire which the firſt ſight of pleaſure naturally produces, has long ceaſed to hurry us into irregularity and vehemence; and experience has ſhewn us, that few gratifications are too valuable to be ſacrificed to complaiſance. We have long thought it convenient to reſt from the fatigue of pleaſure, and now only continue that courſe of life into which we had before entered, confirmed in our choice by mutual approbation, ſupported in our reſolution by mutual encouragement, and aſſiſted in our efforts by mutual exhortation.

Such, Mr RAMBLER, is our proſpect of life; a proſpect which, as it is beheld with more attention, ſeems to open more extenſive happineſs, and ſpreads by degrees into the boundleſs regions of eternity. But if all our prudence has been vain, if we are doomed to give another inſtance of the uncertainty of human diſcernment, we ſhall comfort ourſelves amidſt our diſappointments, that we were not betrayed but by ſuch deluſions as caution could not eſcape, ſince we ſought happineſs only in the arms of virtue. We are,

SIR,

Your humble ſervants,

HYMENÆUS,
TRANQUILLA.

N° 168. *Saturday, October* 26. 1751.

——————*Decipit*
Frons prima multos, rara mens intelligit
Quod interiore condidit cura angulo.

PHÆDRU

IT has been obſerved by *Boileau*, that "a n
"or common thought expreſſed in pom
"diction, generally pleaſes more than a
"or noble ſentiment delivered in low and vu
"language; becauſe the number is much gr
"of thoſe whom cuſtom has enabled to judg
"words, than of thoſe whom ſtudy has qual
"to examine things."

This ſolution would be ſufficient, if only t
were offended with meanneſs of expreſſion wh
unable to diſtinguiſh propriety of thought, ar
ſeparate propoſitions or images from the veh
by which they are conveyed to the underſtanc
But it is found, that this kind of diſguſt is b
means confined to the ignorant or ſuperficial.
operates uniformly and univerſally upon reade
all claſſes. Every man, however profound or
tracted, perceives himſelf irreſiſtibly alienate
low terms; and they who profeſs the moſt zea
adhe

ence to truth, are forced to admit, that ſhe part of her charms to her ornaments, and much of her power over the ſoul, when ſhe ars diſgraced by a dreſs uncouth or ill-ad- l.

e are all offended by low terms; but we are leaſed or diſguſted alike by the ſame compo- s, becauſe we do not all agree to cenſure the terms as low. No word is naturally or intrin- y meaner than another; and therefore our no- of words, as of other things arbitrarily and ciouſly eſtabliſhed, depend wholly upon acci- and cuſtom. The cottager thinks thoſe apart- s ſplendid and ſpacious, which an inhabitant laces will deſpiſe for their inelegance; and n who has paſſed moſt of his hours with the ate and polite, many expreſſions will ſeem cable and ſordid, which another, equally a- and judicious, may hear without offence: but an term never fails to diſpleaſe him who con- it as mean; as poverty is certainly and in- bly deſpiſed, though he who is poor in the on of ſome, may by others be envied for his h.

ords become low by the occaſions to which are applied, or by the general character of who uſe them; and the diſguſt which they ice, ariſes from the revival of thoſe ideas with which

which they are commonly united. Thus, if, in the moſt ſerious diſcourſe, a phraſe happens to occur which has before been ſucceſsfully employed in ſome ludicrous narrative, the moſt grave and ſerious auditor finds it difficult to refrain from laughter, when thoſe whoſe imagination is not prepoſſeſſed by the ſame accidental aſſociation of ideas, are utterly unable to gueſs the reaſon of his merriment. Words which convey ideas of dignity in one age, are baniſhed from elegant writing or converſation in another; becauſe they are in time debaſed by vulgar mouths, and can be no longer heard without the involuntary recollection of unpleaſing images.

When *Macbeth* is confirming himſelf in his horrid purpoſe, he breaks, in the violence of his emotions, into a wiſh natural to a murderer.

——————Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoke of hell,
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes;
Nor Heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, Hold, hold!——————

In this paſſage is exerted all the force of poetry; that force which calls new powers into being, which embodies ſentiment, and animates lifeleſs *matter*: yet perhaps ſcarce any man ever peruſed

it without ſome diſturbance of his attention from the counteraction of the words to the ideas. What can be more dreadful, than to implore the preſence of night, inveſted not in common obſcurity, but in the ſmoke of hell? Yet the force of this invocation is deſtroyed by the inſertion of an epithet now ſeldom heard but in the ſtable, and *dun* night may come or go without any other notice than contempt.

If we ſtart into raptures when ſome hero of the *Iliad* tells us that δόρυ μάινεται, his lance rages with eagerneſs to deſtroy; if we are alarmed at the terrour of the ſoldiers commanded by *Ceſar* to hew down the ſacred grove, who dreaded, ſays *Lucan*, that the axe aimed at the oak would fly back upon them,

——Si robora ſacra ferirent,
In ſua credebant redituras membra ſecures;

we cannot ſurely but ſympathize with the horrours of a wretch about to murder his maſter, his friend, his benefactor; who ſuſpects that the weapon will refuſe its office, and ſtart back from the breaſt which he is preparing to violate. Yet this ſentiment is weakened by the name of an inſtrument uſed by butchers and by cooks in the meaneſt employments: we do not immediately believe, that any crime of importance is to be committed with

a *knife*; and at laſt, from the long habit of connecting a knife with ſordid offices, feel averſion rather than terrour.

Macbeth proceeds to wiſh, in the madneſs of guilt, that the inſpection of Heaven may be intercepted; and that he may, in the involutions of infernal darkneſs, eſcape the eye of Providence. This is the utmoſt extravagance of determined wickedneſs; yet this is ſo much debaſed by two unfortunate words, that, in this inſtant, while I am endeavouring to impreſs on my reader the energy of the ſentiment, I can ſcarce check my riſibility, when the expreſſion forces itſelf upon my mind; for who can, without ſome relaxation of his gravity, hear of *divinities peeping through a blanket?*

Theſe imperfections of diction are leſs obvious to the reader, as he is leſs acquainted with the common uſages of the age. They are therefore wholly imperceptible to a foreigner, who learns our language only from books, and will not ſo forcibly ſtrike a ſolitary academic as a modiſh lady.

Among the numerous requiſites that muſt always concur to complete an author, few are of more importance than an early entrance into the living world. The ſeeds of knowledge may be planted *in ſolitude*, but muſt be cultivated in public. Argumentation

gumentation may be taught in colleges, and theories may be formed in retirement; but the artifice of embelliſhment, and the power of ſecuring attention, muſt be gained by general converſe.

An acquaintance with the prevailing cuſtoms and faſhionable elegance, is neceſſary likewiſe for other purpoſes. The ſame injury that noble ſentiments ſuffer from diſagreeable language, perſonal merit may juſtly fear from rudeneſs and indelicacy. When the ſucceſs of *Æneas* depended on the favour of the queen on whoſe coaſts he was driven, the divinity that protected him thought him not ſufficiently ſecured againſt rejection by his reputation for bravery, but decorated him for the interview with preternatural beauty. Whoever deſires, what none can reaſonably contemn, the favour of mankind, muſt endeavour to add grace to ſtrength, to make his converſation agreeable as well as uſeful, and to accompliſh himſelf with thoſe petty qualifications which are neceſſary to make the firſt impreſſions in his favour. Many complain of neglect, who never uſed any efforts to attract regard. It is not to be expected, that the patrons of ſcience, or of virtue, ſhould be ſolicitous to diſcover excellencies which they who poſſeſs them never diſplay. Few men have abilities ſo much needed by the reſt of the world, as to be careſſed on their own terms; and he that will not condeſcend to recommend

himſelf by external embelliſhments, muſt ſubmit to the fate of juſt ſentiments meanly expreſſed, and be ridiculed and forgotten before he is underſtood.

N° 169.

N° 169. *Tueſday, October* 29. 1751.

: *pluteum cædit, nec demorſos ſapit ungues.*

PERSIUS.

JATural hiſtorians aſſert, that whatever is formed for long duration, arrives very ſlowly to its maturity. Thus the firmeſt timber tardy growth; and animals generally exceed other in longevity, in proportion to the time 'een their conception and their birth.

he ſame obſervation may be extended to the ring of the mind. Haſty compoſitions, how- they may pleaſe at firſt by their flowery luxu- :e, and ſpread in the ſun-ſhine of temporary ur, can very ſeldom endure the change of ſea- , but periſh for ever at the firſt blaſt of criti- , or froſt of neglect. When *Apelles* was re- ched with the paucity of his productions, and nceſſant attention with which he retouched his :s, he condeſcended to make no other anſwer, that *he painted for perpetuity.*

o vanity, indeed, can more juſtly incur con-

tempt and indignation, than that which boa
negligence and hurry. For who can bear wit
tience the man who claims ſuch ſuperiority
reſt of his ſpecies, as to imagine that ma
are at leiſure for attention to his extempora
lies, and that poſterity will repoſite his caſ
fuſions among the treaſures of ancient wiſdo

There have ſometimes men appeared of
tranſcendant abilities, that their ſlighteſt an
curſory performances excel all that labour and
can enable meaner intellects to produce; as
are ſome regions in which the ſpontaneou
ducts cannot be equalled in any other ſoil b
and culture: but it is no leſs dangerous f
man, to place himſelf in this rank of underſta
and to fancy that he is born to be illuſtrious
out labour, than to omit the cares of huſb
and expect from his grounds the fruits of *Ar*

The greater part of thoſe who congr
themſelves upon their intellectual dignity,
ſurp the privileges of genius, are men whon
but themſelves would ever have marked
diſtinguiſhed by any uncommon liberalities
ture, or entitled to veneration and immorta
eaſier terms than others. This ardour of
dence is uſually found among men, who,
not enlarged their notions by books or cor
tion, are perſuaded, by that partiality which

feel in our own favour, that they have reached the ſummit of excellence, becauſe they diſcover none higher than themſelves; and they acquieſce in the firſt thoughts that occur, becauſe the ſcantineſs of their knowledge allows them no choice, and the narrowneſs of their views affords them no glimpſe of that ſublime idea to which human induſtry has from the firſt ages been vainly toiling to approach. They ſee a little, and believe that there is nothing beyond their ſphere of viſion; as the *Patuecos* of *Spain*, who inhabited a ſmall valley, conceived the ſurrounding mountains to be the boundaries of the world. In proportion as perfection is more diſtinctly conceived, the pleaſure of contemplating our own performances will be leſſened; and therefore it may be obſerved, that they who have moſt deſerved praiſe, are often afraid to decide in favour of their own performances, becauſe they know how much is ſtill wanting to their completion, and wait with anxiety and terrour the determination of the public. *I pleaſe every one elſe*, ſays *Tully*; *but cannot ſatisfy myſelf.*

It has often been enquired, why, notwithſtanding the advances of latter ages in ſcience, and the aſſiſtance which the infuſion of ſo many new ideas has given us, we ſtill fall below the ancients in the art of compoſition? Some part of their ſuperiority may be juſtly aſcribed to the graces of their language, from which the moſt poliſhed of the preſent Euro-

pean

ſent tongues are nothing more than barbaro
generations. Some advantage they might
merely by priority; which put them in poſ
of the moſt natural ſentiments, and left us nc
but ſervile imitation or forced conceits. B
greateſt part of their praiſe ſeems to have th
reward of modeſty and labour. Their ſenſe
weakneſs of human intellects confined them
monly to one ſtudy, which their knowledge
extent of every ſcience engaged them to pro
with indefatigable diligence.

Among the writers of antiquity, I reme
none, except *Statius*, who ventures to mentic
ſpeedy production of his writings, either as a
tenuation of his faults, or a proof of his fa
Nor did *Statius*, when he conſidered himſel
candidate for laſting reputation, think a cloſ
tention unneceſſary; but, amidſt all his prid
indigence, the two great haſteners of m
poems, employed twelve years upon his *Th*
and thinks his claim to renown proportiona
his labour:

Thebais, multâ cruciata limâ,
Tentat, audaci fide, Mantuanæ
Gaudia famæ.

Ovid indeed apologiſes in his baniſhment fc
imperfection of his letters, and mentions his

of leiſure to poliſh them as an addition to his calamities; and was ſo far from imagining reviſes and corrections unneceſſary, that, at his departure from *Rome*, he threw his admired *Metamorphoſes* into the fire, left he ſhould be diſgraced by a book which he could not hope to finiſh.

It ſeems not often to have happened, that the ſame man aſpired to reputation in verſe and proſe; and of thoſe few that attempted ſuch diverſity of excellence, I know not that any one ſucceeded. Contrary characters they never imagined a ſingle mind able to ſupport; and therefore no man is recorded to have undertaken more than one kind of dramatic poetry.

What they had written, they did not venture, in their firſt fondneſs, to thruſt into the world; but conſidering the impropriety of doing, precipitately, that which cannot be recalled, they deferred the publication, if not nine years, according to the direction of *Horace*, yet till their fancy was cooled after the raptures of invention, and the glare of novelty had ceaſed to dazzle the judgment.

There were in thoſe days, no weekly or diurnal writers. *Multa dies, & multa litura*, much time, and many raſures, were conſidered as indiſpenſable requiſites. And that no other method of attaining laſting *praiſe* has been yet diſcovered, may be conjectured

conjectured from the blotted manuſcripts of *Milton* yet remaining; and the tardy emiſſion of *Pope*'s compoſitions, ſome of which he delayed till the incidents to which they alluded were forgotten, till his enemies were ſecure from his ſatyr, and, what to an honeſt mind muſt be more painful, till his friends were deaf to his encomiums.

Many imperfections are unavoidable to him, whoſe eagerneſs of praiſe hurries his productions ſoon into the light, even where the mind furniſhes the materials, as well as regulates their diſpoſition, and nothing depends upon ſearch or information. Delay opens new veins of thought; the ſubject diſmiſſed for a time appears with a new train of dependant images; the accidents of reading or converſation ſupply new ornaments or alluſions; or mere intermiſſion of the fatigue of thinking enables the mind to collect new force, and make new excurſions. But all thoſe benefits come too late for him, who, when he was weary with labour, ſnatched at the recompence, and gave his performance to his friends and his enemies as ſoon as impatience and pride perſuaded him to conclude it.

One of the moſt pernicious effects of haſte, is obſcurity. He that teems with a quick ſucceſſion of ideas, and perceives how one ſentiment produces *another*, eaſily imagines, that he can clearly expreſs

preſs what he ſo ſtrongly comprehends; and ſeldom ſuſpects his diction of embarraſſment, while he preſerves in his memory the ſeries of connection; or of ambiguity, while only one ſenſe is preſent to his mind. Yet if he has been employed in an abſtruſe or complicated argument, he will find, when he has a while withdrawn his thoughts, and returns as a new reader to his work, that he can only conjecture his own meaning; and that to explain it to thoſe whom he deſires to inſtruct, he muſt often uſe other words, and a different method.

Authors and lovers always ſuffer ſome degree of infatuation, from which only abſence can ſet them free; and every man ought to reſtore himſelf to the full exerciſe of his judgment, before he does that which he cannot do improperly without injuring his honour and his quiet.

N° 170. *Saturday, November* 2. 1751.

Confiteor; ſi quid prodeſt delicta fateri.

OVID.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Am one of thoſe unhappy beings, from whom many that melt with pity at the ſight of all other miſery, think it meritorious to withhold relief; whom the rigour of virtuous indignation dooms, often without a ſufficient knowledge of their caſe, to ſuffer without complaint, and to periſh without regard; and whom I myſelf have formerly inſulted in the pride of reputation and ſecurity of innocence.

I am of a good family, but my father was burdened with more children than he could decently ſupport. A wealthy relation condeſcending to make him a viſit, in a journey from *London* to his country-ſeat, was touched with compaſſion of his narrow fortune; and reſolved to eaſe him of part of his charge, by taking the care of one of his *children* upon himſelf. Diſtreſs on one ſide, and ambition

tion on the other, were too powerful for pa-
l fondneſs; and the little family paſſed in re-
before him, that he might take his choice.
s then ten years old; and, without knowing
hat purpoſe I was called to my great couſin,
ıvoured to recommend myſelf by my beſt
eſy, ſung him my prettieſt ſong, told the laſt
that I had read, and ſo much endeared my-
ɔy my innocence, that he immediately decla-
is reſolution to adopt me, and to educate me
his own daughters.

ɣ parents felt the common ſtruggles at the
ght of parting; and *ſome natural tears they*
ed, but wiped them ſoon. They conſidered,
vithout that falſe eſtimation of the value of
h which poverty long continued always pro-
, that I was raiſed to higher rank than they
. give me, and to hopes of more ample for-
than they could bequeath. My mother ſold
of her ornaments to dreſs me in ſuch a man-
s might ſecure me from contempt at my firſt
al; and when ſhe diſmiſſed me, preſſed me
r boſom with an embrace which I yet feel;
me ſome precepts of piety, which, however
ɛted, I have not forgotten; and uttered
ɪrs for my final happineſs, of which I have
ɾet ceaſed to hope, that they will at laſt be
ed.

My ſiſters envied my new finery, and ſeemed not much to regret our ſeparation; my father conducted me to the ſtage-coach with a kind of chearful tenderneſs; and in a very ſhort time I was tranſported to ſplendid apartments and a luxurious table, and grew familiar to ſhow, and noiſe, and gaiety.

In three years my mother died, having implored a bleſſing on her family with her laſt breath. I had little opportunity to indulge a ſorrow, which there was none to partake with me, and therefore ſoon ceaſed to reflect much upon my loſs. My father turned all his care upon his other children; whom ſome fortunate adventures and unexpected legacies enabled him, when he died four years after my mother, to leave in a condition above their expectations.

I ſhould have ſhared the encreaſe of his fortune, and had a portion aſſigned me in his will; but my couſin aſſured him, that all care for me was needleſs, ſince he had reſolved to place me happily in the world, and directed him to divide my ſhare amongſt my ſiſters.

Thus I was thrown upon dependance without any reſource. Being now at an age in which young women are initiated in the world, I was no *longer* to be ſupported in my former character without

without conſiderable expence; and therefore, partly that I might not waſte money, and partly that my appearance might not draw too many compliments and aſſiduities, I was inſenſibly degraded from my equality, and enjoyed few privileges above the head ſervant, but that of receiving no wages.

I felt every indignity, but knew that reſentment would precipitate my fall. I therefore endeavoured to continue my importance by little ſervices and active officiouſneſs; and for a time preſerved myſelf from neglect, by withdrawing all pretences to competition, and ſtudying to pleaſe rather than to ſhine. But my intereſt notwithſtanding hourly declined, and my couſin's favourite maid began to exchange repartees with me, and conſult me about the alterations of a caſt gown.

I was now completely depreſſed; and though I had ſeen mankind enough to know the neceſſity of outward chearfulneſs, I often withdrew to my chamber to vent my grief, or turn my condition in my mind, and examine by what means I might eſcape from perpetual mortification. At laſt my ſchemes and ſorrows were interrupted by a ſudden change of my relation's behaviour; who one day took an occaſion, when we were left together in a room, to bid me ſuffer myſelf no longer to be depreſſed, but to aſſume the place which he always intended

intended me to hold in the family. He aſſured me, that his wife's preference of her own daughters ſhould never hurt me; and, accompanying his profeſſions with a purſe of gold, ordered me to beſpeak a rich ſuit at the mercer's, and to apply privately to him for money when I wanted it, and inſinuate that my other friends ſupplied me, which he would take care to confirm.

By this ſtratagem, which I did not then underſtand, he filled me with tenderneſs and gratitude, compelled me to repoſe on him as my only ſupport, and produced a neceſſity of private converſation. He often appointed interviews at the houſe of an acquaintance; and ſometimes called on me with a coach, and carried me abroad. My ſenſe of his favour, and the deſire of retaining it, diſpoſed me to unlimited complaiſance; and though I ſaw his kindneſs grow every day more fond, I did not ſuffer any ſuſpicion to enter my thoughts. At laſt the wretch took advantage of the familiarity which he enjoyed as my relation, and the ſubmiſſion which he exacted as my benefactor, to complete the ruin of an orphan, whom his own promiſes had made indigent, whom his indulgence had melted, and his authority ſubdued.

I know not why it ſhould afford ſubject of exultation, to overpower on any terms the reſolution, or ſurpriſe the caution of a girl; but of all the boaſters

boaſters that deck themſelves in the ſpoils of innocence and beauty, they ſurely have the leaſt pretenſions to triumph, who ſubmit to owe their ſucceſs to ſome caſual influence. They neither employ the graces of fancy, nor the force of underſtanding, in their attempts. They cannot pleaſe themſelves with the art of their approaches, the delicacy of their adulations, the elegance of their addreſs, or the efficacy of their eloquence; nor applaud themſelves as poſſeſſed of any qualities by which affection is attracted. They ſurmount no obſtacles, they defeat no rivals; but attack only thoſe who cannot reſiſt, and are often content to poſſeſs the body without any ſolicitude to gain the heart.

Many of theſe deſpicable wretches does my preſent acquaintance with infamy and wickedneſs enable me to number among the heroes of debauchery; reptiles whom their own ſervants would have deſpiſed, had they not been their ſervants; and with whom Beggary would have diſdained intercourſe, had ſhe not been allured by the hopes of relief. Many of the beings which are now rioting in taverns, or ſhivering in the ſtreets, have been corrupted, not by arts of gallantry, which ſtole gradually upon the affections, and laid prudence aſleep; but by the fear of loſing benefits which were never intended, or of incurring reſentments which they could not eſcape: ſome have been frighted

frighted by maſters, and ſome awed by guardians into ruin.

Our crime had its uſual conſequence, and h ſoon perceived that I could not long continue i his family. I was diſtracted at the thought of th reproach which I now believed inevitable. H comforted me however with the hope of eludin all diſcovery; and often upbraided me with th anxiety, which perhaps none but himſelf ſaw i my countenance; but at laſt mingled his aſſuran ces of protection and maintenance, with menaces o total deſertion, if, in the moments of perturbatio I ſhould ſuffer his ſecret to eſcape, or endeavour t throw on him any part of my infamy.

Thus paſſed my diſmal hours till my retre could no longer be delayed. It was pretende that my relations had ſent for me to a diſtant coun ty, and I entered upon a ſtate which ſhall be de ſcribed in my next letter.

I am,

SIR, &c.

MISELLA

N° 1·

N° 171. *Tueſday, November* 5. 1751.

Tædet cœli convexa tueri.——— VIRG.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Now ſit down to continue my narrative. I am convinced, that nothing would more powerfully preſerve youth from irregularity, or guard inexperience from ſeduction, than a juſt deſcription of the condition into which the wanton plunges herſelf; and therefore hope that my letter may be a ſufficient antidote to my example.

After the ſcruples, heſitation, and delays which the timidity of guilt naturally produces, I was at length removed to a lodging in a diſtant part of the town, under one of the characters which are commonly aſſumed upon ſuch occaſions. Here, being by my circumſtances condemned to ſolitude, I paſſed moſt of my hours in bitterneſs and anguiſh. The converſation of the people with whom I was placed, was not at all capable of engaging my attention, or diſpoſſeſſing the reigning ideas. The books which I carried to my retreat, were ſuch as

heightened my abhorrence of myſelf; for I was not ſo far abandoned as to ſink voluntarily into corruption, or endeavour to conceal from my own mind the enormity of my crime.

My relation remitted none of his fondneſs; but viſited me ſo often, that I was ſometimes afraid leſt his aſſiduity ſhould expoſe him to ſuſpicion. Whenever he came, he found me weeping, and was therefore leſs delightfully entertained than he expected. After frequent expoſtulations upon the unreaſonableneſs of my ſorrow, and innumerable proteſtations of everlaſting regard, he at laſt found that I was more affected with the loſs of my innocence, than the danger of my fame; and that he might not be diſturbed by my remorſe, began to lull my conſcience with the opiates of irreligion. His arguments were, ſuch as my courſe of life has ſince expoſed me often to the neceſſity of hearing, vulgar, empty, and fallacious; yet they at firſt dazzled me with their novelty, filled me with doubt and perplexity, and interrupted that peace which I began to feel from the ſincerity of my repentance, without ſubſtituting any other ſupport. I liſtened a while to his impious gabble; but its influence was ſoon overpowered by natural reaſon, and early education; and the conviction which this new attempt gave me of his baſeneſs, completed my abhorrence. I have heard of barbarians, who when tempeſts drive ſhips upon their coaſt,

coaſt, decoy them to the rocks, that they may plunder their lading; and have always thought, that wretches thus mercileſs in their depredations, ought to be deſtroyed by a general inſurrection of all ſocial beings. Yet how light is this guilt to the crime of him, who, in the agitations of remorſe, cuts away the anchor of piety, and when he has drawn aſide Credulity from the paths of virtue, hides the light of heaven which would direct her to return? I had hitherto conſidered him as a man equally betrayed with myſelf, by the concurrence of temptation and opportunity; but I now ſaw with horrour, that he was contriving to perpetuate his gratification, and was deſirous to fit me to his purpoſe by complete and radical corruption.

To eſcape, however, was not yet in my power. I could ſupport the expences of my condition, only by the continuance of his favour. He provided all that was neceſſary; and, in a few weeks, congratulated me upon my eſcape from the danger which we had both expected with ſo much anxiety. I then began to remind him of his promiſe to reſtore me with my fame uninjured to the world. He promiſed me in general terms, that nothing ſhould be wanting which his power could add to my happineſs; but forbore to releaſe me from my confinement. I knew how much my reception in the world depended upon my ſpeedy return, and was therefore outrageouſly impatient of his delays,

which I now perceived to be only artifice
neſs. He told me at laſt, with an appe
ſorrow, that all hopes of reſtoration to r
ſtate were for ever precluded; that ch
diſcovered my ſecret, and malice divulge
that nothing now remained, but to ſeek
more private, where curioſity or hatred
ver diſcover us.

The rage, anguiſh, and reſentment wl
at this account, are not to be expreſſed.
ſo much dread of reproach and infamy,
repreſented as purſuing me with full c
yielded myſelf implicitly to his diſpoſal;
removed, with a thouſand ſtudied pr
through by-ways and dark paſſages,
houſe; where I harraſſed him with perp
citations for a ſmall annuity, which mi
me to live in the country with obſcurity
cence.

This demand he for a while evaded w
profeſſions; but, in time, appeared offen
importunity and diſtruſt; and having or

great tranquillity upon the money in my hands; and was ſo much pleaſed with this pauſe of perſecution, that I did not reflect how much his abſence had exceeded the uſual intervals, till I was alarmed with the danger of wanting ſubſiſtence. I then ſuddenly contracted my expences, but was unwilling to ſupplicate for aſſiſtance. Neceſſity, however, ſoon overcame my modeſty, or my pride; and I applied to him by a letter, but had no anſwer. I writ in terms more preſſing, but without effect. I then ſent an agent to enquire after him; who informed me, that he had quitted his houſe, and was gone with his family to reſide for ſome time upon his eſtate in *Ireland*.

However ſhocked at this abrupt departure, I was yet unwilling to believe that I was wholly abandoned; and therefore, by the ſale of my cloaths, I ſupported myſelf, expecting that every poſt would bring me relief. Thus I paſſed ſeven months, between hope and dejection, in a gradual approach to poverty and diſtreſs, emaciated with anxiety, and bewildered with uncertainty. At laſt, my landlady, after many hints of the neceſſity of a new lover, took the opportunity, in my abſence, of ſearching my boxes, and miſſing ſome of my apparel, ſeized the remainder for rent, and led me to the door.

To remonſtrate againſt legal cruelty, was vain;

to

to ſupplicate obdurate brutality, was hope went away I knew not whither; and wand bout without any ſettled purpoſe, unacq with the uſual expedients of miſery, unq for laborious offices, afraid to meet an e had ever ſeen me before, and hopeleſs o from thoſe who were ſtrangers to my form dition. Night at laſt came on in the midſt diſtraction; and I ſtill continued to wanc the menaces of the watch obliged me to myſelf in a covered paſſage.

Next day, I procured a lodging in the ba garret of a mean houſe, and employed m lady to enquire for a ſervice. My appli were generally rejected for want of a ch At length I was received at a drapier's; bu it was known to my miſtreſs that I had o gown, and that of ſilk, ſhe was of opinio looked like a thief, and, without warnin ried me away. I then tried to ſupport my my needle; and, by my landlady's recom tion, obtained a little work from a ſhop, three weeks lived without repining; but wh punctuality had gained me ſo much repu that I was truſted to make up a head of fo lue, one of my fellow-lodgers ſtole the lace, was obliged to fly from a proſecution.

Thus driven again into the ſtreets, I live

the leaſt that could ſupport me, and at night accommodated myſelf under penthouſes as well as I could. At length I became abſolutely pennyleſs; and having ſtrolled all day without ſuſtenance, was, at the cloſe of evening, accoſted by an elderly man, with an invitation to a tavern. I refuſed him with heſitation: he ſeized me by the hand, and drew me into a neighbouring houſe; where, when he ſaw my face pale with hunger, and my eyes ſwelling with tears, he ſpurned me with hatred and contempt, and bad me cant and whine in ſome other place; for his part, he would take care of his pockets.

I ſtill continued to ſtand in the way, having ſcarcely ſtrength to walk farther; when another ſoon addreſſed me in the ſame manner. When he ſaw the ſame tokens of calamity, he conſidered that I might be obtained at a cheap rate; and therefore quickly made overtures, which I had no longer firmneſs to reject. By this man I was maintained four months in penurious wickedneſs, and then abandoned to my former condition; from which I was delivered by another keeper.

In this abject ſtate I have now paſſed four years, the drudge of extortion, and the ſport of drunkenneſs; ſometimes the property of one man, and ſometimes the common prey of accidental lewdneſs; at one time tricked up for ſale by the miſ-

treſs

treſs of a brothel, at another time begging ſtreets to be relieved from hunger by wick without any hope in the day, but of findin whom folly or exceſs may expoſe to my ments; and without any reflections at nigl thoſe which guilt and terrour impreſs upon

If thoſe who paſs their days in plenty an rity, could viſit, for an hour, the diſmal rece to which the proſtitute retires from her no excurſions, and ſee the wretches that lie c together, mad with intemperance, ghaſtl famine, nauſeous with filth, and noiſome w eaſe; it would not be eaſy for any degree horrence to harden them againſt compaſſion repreſs the deſire which they muſt immediat to reſcue ſuch numbers of human beings ſtate ſo dreadful.

It is ſaid, that in *France* they annually e their ſtreets, and ſhip their proſtitutes and bonds to their colonies. If the women tha this city had the ſame opportunity of eſcapin their miſeries, I believe very little force w neceſſary; for who among them can dre change? Many of them indeed are wholly lified for any but the moſt ſervile employ and thoſe perhaps would require the care of giſtrate, to hinder them from following th *practices* in another country: but others a

pre

precluded by infamy from reformation, and would gladly be delivered on any terms from the tyranny of chance. No place but a populous city can afford opportunities for open proſtitution; and where the eye of juſtice can attend to individuals, thoſe who cannot be made good, may be reſtrained from miſchief. For my part, I ſhould exult at the privilege of baniſhment, and think myſelf happy in any region that ſhould reſtore me once again to honeſty and peace.

I am,

SIR, &c.

MISELLA.

ſome ſtains to an eye thus ſharpened by malignity, which lay concealed and unregarded, while none yet thought it his intereſt to diſcover them; nor can the moſt circumſpect attention or ſteady rectitude, eſcape blame from cenſors, who have no inclination to approve. Riches therefore perhaps do not ſo often produce crimes as incite accuſers.

The moſt common charge againſt thoſe who riſe above their original condition, is that of pride. It is certain, that ſucceſs naturally confirms us in a favourable opinion of our own abilities. Scarce any man is willing to allot to accident, to friendſhip, to a thouſand cauſes which concur in every event without human contrivance or interpoſition, the part which they may juſtly claim in his advancement; and exorbitant claims are quickly produced by imaginary merit. But captiouſneſs and jealouſy are likewiſe eaſily offended; and to him who ſtudiouſly looks for an affront, every mode of behaviour will ſupply it; freedom will be rudeneſs, and reſerve ſullenneſs; mirth will be negligence, and ſerioufneſs formality: when he is received with ceremony, he will imagine, that diſtance and reſpect are inculcated; and if he is treated with familiarity, will conclude himſelf inſulted by ſtudied condeſcenſions.

It muſt however be confeſſed, that as all ſudden *changes are* dangerous, a quick tranſition from po-

verty

ty to abundance can very ſeldom be made with
:ty. He that has long lived within ſight of
aſures which he could not reach, will need more
n common moderation, not to loſe his reaſon
nbounded riot, when they are firſt put into his
ver.

Every poſſeſſion is endeared by novelty; every
tification is exaggerated by deſire. It is diffi-
t not to eſtimate what is lately gained above its
l value; it is impoſſible not to annex greater
)pineſs to that condition from which we are un-
lingly excluded, than nature has qualified us to
ain. For this reaſon, the remote inheritor of
unexpected fortune, may be generally diſtin-
ſhed from thoſe who are enriched in the com-
n courſe of lineal deſcent, by his greater haſte
enjoy his wealth, by the finery of his dreſs,
l the pomp of his equipage, the ſplendour of
furniture, and the luxury of his table.

A thouſand trifles, which familiarity diſcovers
be of no value, have power for a time to ſeize
imagination. I have read of a *Virginian* King,
o, when the Europeans had fixed a lock on his
)r, was ſo delighted to find himſelf able to ad-
or exclude his ſubjects with ſuch facility, that
/as from morning to evening his whole employ-
nt to turn the key. We among whom locks
l keys have always been in uſe, are inclined to
laugh

laugh at this *American* amuſement; yet whether this paper will have a ſingle read may not apply the ſtory to himſelf, and ſome hours of his life in which he has bee overpowered by the tranſitory charms of t velty.

Some indulgence is therefore certainl him whom a happy gale of fortune has tranſported into new regions, where unacc luſtre dazzles his eyes, and untaſted delic licit his appetite. Let him not be conſi loſt in hopeleſs degeneracy, though he for forgets the regard due to others, to indulge templation of himſelf; and in the extrava his firſt raptures, expects that his eye ſhou late the motions of all that approach him, opinion be received as deciſive and oracular intoxication will give way to time; the of joy will fume imperceptibly away; the his own inſufficiency will ſoon return; he member, that the co-operation of others is ry to his happineſs, and learn to concili regard by reciprocal beneficence.

There is at leaſt one conſideration whic to alleviate our cenſures of the powerful a He that imagines them chargeable with guilt or folly of their own actions, is ve *acquainted* with the world.

De l'abſolu pouvoir vous ignorez l'yvreſſe,
Et du lâche flatteur la voix enchantereſſe.

He from whom much can be hoped or feared, ill not eaſily find any whom their ambition or owardice will ſuffer to be ſincere, or who culti-ate his regard with any other purpoſe, than to omply with all his practices however vicious, and ith all his ſentiments however abſurd. While e live upon the level with the reſt of mankind, e are frequently reminded of our duty, by the dmonitions of our friends, and the reproaches of ur enemies: but men who ſtand in the higheſt inks of ſociety, ſeldom hear of their faults; or by any accident the clamours or whiſpers of their nemies reach their ears, flattery is always at hand o pour in her opiates, to deaden conviction, and btund remorſe.

Favour is ſeldom ſo certainly gained as by con-ormity in vice. Virtue can ſtand without aſſiſt-nce, and conſiders herſelf as very little obliged y countenance and approbation; but vice is al-ays timorous, and eagerly ſeeks the ſhelter of rouds, and the ſupport of confederacy. The ycophant therefore ſeldom thinks it neceſſary to dopt the good qualities of his patron; but em-loys all his art on his weakneſſes and follies, re-ales his reigning vanity, or ſtimulates the preva-nt deſire.

Virtue

Virtue is ſufficiently difficult in any circum
ces; but the difficulty is encreaſed when re
and advice are frighted away. In common
reaſon and conſcience have only the appetite
paſſions to encounter; but in higher ſtations,
muſt oppoſe artifice and adulation. He ther
that yields to ſuch temptations, cannot give
who look upon his miſcarriage much reaſo
exultation, ſince very few can reaſonably pre
that they ſhould have been able to eſcape.

N°

N° 173. *Tueſday, November* 12. 1751.

Quo virtus, quo ferat error.—— HOR.

AS any action or poſture long continued, will diſtort and disfigure the limbs, ſo the mind likewiſe is crippled and contracted by perpetual application to the ſame ſet of ideas: and as it is eaſy to gueſs the trade of an artizan by his knees, his fingers, or his ſhoulders; ſo there are few among men of the more liberal profeſſions, whoſe minds do not carry the brand of their calling, and whoſe converſation does not quickly diſcover to what claſs of the community they belong.

Theſe peculiarities have been of great uſe in the general hoſtility which every part of mankind exerciſes againſt the reſt, to furniſh inſults and ſarcaſms. Every art has its dialect, uncouth and ungrateful to all whom cuſtom has not reconciled to its ſound; and which therefore becomes ridiculous by a ſlight miſapplication, or unneceſſary repetition.

The general reproach with which ignorance revenges the ſuperciliouſneſs of learning, is that of

pedantry; a cenſure which every man inc
has at any time the misfortune to talk to th
cannot underſtand him, and by which th
and timorous are ſometimes frighted from
play of their acquiſitions, and the exertion
powers.

The name of a pedant is ſo formidable
men, when they firſt ſally from their colle
is ſo liberally ſcattered by thoſe who mean
their elegance of education, eaſineſs of
and knowledge of the world, that it ſee
quire particular conſideration; ſince, perh
were once underſtood, many a heart might
from painful apprehenſions, and many
delivered from reſtraint.

Pedantry is the unſeaſonable oſtentation
ing; which may be diſcovered either in t
of a ſubject, or in the manner of treating
is undoubtedly guilty of pedantry, who,
has made himſelf maſter of ſome abſtruſe
cultivated part of learning, obtrudes his
and diſcoveries upon thoſe whom he beli
able to judge of his proficiency, and fron
as he cannot fear contradiction, he cannot
expect applauſe.

To this errour the ſtudent is ſometimes l
by the natural recurrence of the mind to

mon employment, by the pleaſure which every man receives from the recollection of pleaſing images, and the deſire of dwelling upon topics on which he knows himſelf able to ſpeak with juſtneſs. But, becauſe we are ſeldom ſo far prejudiced in favour of each other, as to ſearch out for palliations of failings, this deviation from politeneſs is uſually imputed only to vanity; and the harmleſs academic, who perhaps intended entertainment and inſtruction, or at worſt only ſpoke without ſufficient reflection upon the character of his hearers, is commonly cenſured as arrogant and overbearing, and eager to extend the reputation of his own accompliſhments, without regard to the convenience of ſociety, or the laws of converſation.

All diſcourſe of which others cannot partake, is not only an irkſome uſurpation of the time devoted to pleaſure and entertainment, but, what never fails to excite very keen reſentment, an inſolent aſſertion of ſuperiority, and a triumph over leſs enlightened underſtandings. The pedant is, therefore, not only heard with wearineſs, but malignity; and thoſe who conceive themſelves inſulted by his knowledge, never fail to tell with acrimony how injudiciouſly it was exerted.

To avoid this dangerous imputation, and recommend themſelves more effectually to the gay world,

ſcholars ſometimes diveſt themſelves with too much haſte of their academical formality; and, in their endeavours to accommodate their notions and their ſtyle to common conceptions, talk rather of any thing than of that which they underſtand, and ſink into inſipidity of ſentiment and meanneſs of expreſſion.

There prevails among men of letters, an opinion, that all appearance of ſcience is particularly hateful to women; and that therefore, whoever deſires to be well received in female aſſemblies, muſt qualify himſelf by a total rejection of all that is ſerious, rational, or important; muſt conſider argument or criticiſm as perpetually interdicted; and devote all his attention to trifles, and all his eloquence to compliment.

Scholars often form their notions of the preſent generation, from the writings of the laſt; and are not very early informed of thoſe changes which the gradual diffuſion of knowledge, or the ſudden caprice of faſhion, produces in the world. Whatever might be the ſtate of female literature in the laſt century, there is now no longer any danger leſt the ſcholar ſhould want an adequate audience at the tea-table; and whoever thinks it neceſſary to regulate his converſation by antiquated rules, will be rather deſpiſed for his futility, than careſſed *for his* politeneſs.

To

To talk intentionally in a manner above the comprehenſion of thoſe whom we addreſs, is unqueſtionable pedantry: but ſurely complaiſance requires, that no man ſhould, without proof, conclude his company incapable of following him to the higheſt elevation of his fancy, or the utmoſt extent of his knowledge. It is always ſafer to err in favour of others than of ourſelves, and therefore we ſeldom hazard much by endeavouring to excel.

It ought at leaſt to be the care of learning, when ſhe quits her exaltation, to deſcend with dignity. Nothing is more deſpicable than the airineſs and jocularity of a man bred to ſevere ſcience, and ſolitary meditation. To trifle agreeably, is a ſecret which ſchools cannot impart; that gay negligence and vivacious levity which charm down reſiſtance wherever they appear, are never attainable by him who has ſpent his firſt years among the duſt of libraries, and enters late into the living world with an unpliant attention and eſtabliſhed habits.

It is obſerved in the panegyric on *Fabricius* the mechanician, that, though forced by public employments into mingled converſation, he never loſt the modeſty and ſerioufneſs of the convent, nor drew ridicule upon himſelf by an affected imitation of faſhionable life. To the ſame praiſe every man devoted to learning ought to aſpire. If

he

he attempts the ſofter arts of pleaſing, and endeavours to learn the graceful bow and the familiar embrace, the inſinuating accent and the general ſmile, he will loſe the reſpect due to the character of learning, without arriving at the envied honour of doing nothing with elegance and facility.

Theophraſtus was diſcovered not to be a native of *Athens*, by ſo ſtrict an adherence to the *Athenian* dialect, as ſhewed that he had learned it, not by cuſtom, but by rule. A man not early formed to habitual elegance, betrays in like manner the defects of his education, by his rigid obſervance of the ſtated forms. It is poſſible to become pedantic by fear of pedantry, as to be troubleſome by ill-timed officiouſneſs. There is no kind of impertinence more juſtly cenſurable, than his who is always labouring to level his thoughts to intellects higher than his own; who apologizes for every word which his own narrowneſs of converſe inclines him to think unuſual; keeps the exuberance of his faculties under viſible reſtraint; is ſolicitous to anticipate enquiries by needleſs explanations; and endeavours to ſhade his own abilities, leſt weak eyes ſhould be dazzled with their luſtre.

N° 174.

N° 174. *Saturday, November* 15. 1751.

Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge, dummodo riſum
Excutiat ſibi, non hic cuiquam parcet amico.

HOR.

To the RAMBLER.

Mr RAMBLER,

THE laws of ſocial benevolence require, that every man ſhould endeavour to aſſiſt others by his experience. He that has at laſt eſcaped into port, from the fluctuations of uncertainty, and the guſts of oppoſition, ought to make ſome improvements in the chart of life, by marking the rocks on which he has been daſhed, and the ſhallows where he has been ſtranded.

The errour into which I was betrayed, when cuſtom firſt gave me up to my own direction, is very frequently incident to the quick, the ſprightly, the fearleſs, and the gay; to them whoſe ardour hurries them into precipitate execution of their deſigns, and imprudent declaration of their opinions; who ſeldom count the coſt of pleaſure, or examine

the

the diſtant conſequences of any practice t
ters them with immediate gratification.

I came forth into the crouded world, wit
ſual juvenile ambition, and deſired nothing
the title of a wit. Money I conſidered a
my care: for I ſaw ſuch multitudes grow ri
out underſtanding, that I could not forbear
on wealth as an acquiſition eaſy to induſtry
by genius; and therefore threw it aſide
condary convenience, to be procured wl
principal wiſh ſhould be ſatisfied, and m
to intellectual excellence univerſally acknow

With this view, I regulated my beha
public, and exerciſed my meditations in
My life was divided between the care of p
topics for the entertainment of my compa
that of collecting company worthy to b
tained: for I ſoon found, that wit, like eve
power, has its boundaries; that its ſucceſs
upon the aptitude of others to receive imp
and that as ſome bodies, indiſſoluble by h
ſet the furnace and crucible at defiance, t
minds upon which the rays of fancy may be
without effect, and which no fire of ſentim
agitate or exalt.

I was, however, not long before I fitted
with a ſet of companions, who knew how to

and to whom no other recommendation was neceſſary than the power of ſtriking out a jeſt. Among thoſe I fixed my reſidence, and for a time enjoyed the felicity of diſturbing the neighbours every night with the obſtreperous applauſe which my ſallies forced from the audience. The reputation of our club every day encreaſed; and as my flights and remarks were circulated by my admirers, every day brought new ſolicitations for admiſſion into our ſociety.

To ſupport this perpetual fund of merriment, I frequented every place of concourſe, cultivated the acquaintance of all the faſhionable world, and paſſed the day in a continual ſucceſſion of viſits, in which I collected a treaſure of pleaſantry for the expences of the evening. Whatever errour of conduct I could diſcover, whatever peculiarity of manner I could obſerve, whatever weakneſs was betrayed by confidence, whatever lapſe was ſuffered by neglect, all was drawn together for the diverſion of my wild companions; who, when they had been taught the art of ridicule, never failed to ſignalize themſelves by a zealous imitation, and filled the town, on the enſuing day, with ſcandal and vexation, with merriment and ſhame.

I can ſcarcely believe, when I recollect my own practice, that I could have been ſo far deluded with trivial *praiſe*, as to divulge the ſecrets of cre-

dulity, and to expoſe the levities of frankneſs; to waylay the walks of the cautious, and ſurpriſe the ſecurity of the thoughtleſs. Yet it is certain, that for many years I heard nothing but with deſign to tell it, and ſaw nothing with any other curioſity than after ſome failure that might furniſh out a jeſt.

My heart, indeed, acquits me of deliberate malignity, or intereſted inſidiouſneſs. I had no other purpoſe than to heighten the pleaſure of laughter by communication, nor ever raiſed any pecuniary advantage from the calamities of others. I led weakneſs and negligence into difficulties, only that I might divert myſelf with their perplexities and diſtreſſes; and violated every law of friendſhip, with no other hope than that of gaining the reputation of ſmartneſs and waggery.

I would not be underſtood to charge myſelf with any crimes of the atrocious or deſtructive kind. I never betrayed an heir to gameſters, or a girl to debauchees; never intercepted the kindneſs of a patron, or ſported away the reputation of innocence. My delight was only in petty miſchief, and momentary vexations; and my acuteneſs was employed, not upon fraud and oppreſſion, which it had been meritorious to detect; but upon ignorance or abſurdity, upon weakneſs or miſtake.

This

This enquiry I purſued with ſo much diligence and ſagacity, that I was able to relate of every man whom I knew ſome blunder or miſcarriage; to betray the moſt circumſpect of my friends into follies by a judicious flattery of his predominant paſſion; or expoſe him to contempt, by placing him in circumſtances which put his prejudices into action, brought to view his natural defects, or drew the attention of the company on his airs of affectation.

The power had been poſſeſſed in vain, if it had never been exerted; and it was not my cuſtom to let any arts of jocularity remain unemployed. My impatience of applauſe brought me always early to the place of entertainment; and I ſeldom failed to lay a ſcheme, with the ſmall knot that firſt gathered round me, by which ſome of thoſe whom we expected might be made ſubſervient to our ſport. Every man has ſome favourite topic of converſation, on which, by a feigned ſerioufneſs of attention, he will be drawn to expatiate without end. Every man has ſome habitual contortion of body, or ſome eſtabliſhed mode of expreſſion, which never fails to raiſe mirth, if it be pointed out to notice. By premonitions of theſe particularities I ſecured our pleaſantry. Our companion entered with his uſual gaiety, and began to partake of our noiſy chearfulneſs; when the converſation was imperceptibly diverted to a ſubject which preſſed up-

on his tender part, and extorted the expected ſhrug, the cuſtomary exclamation, or the predicted remark. A general clamour of joy then burſt from all that were admitted to the ſtratagem. Our mirth was often encreaſed by the triumph of him that occaſioned it; for as we do not haſtily form concluſions againſt ourſelves, ſeldom any one ſuſpected, that he had exhilarated us otherwiſe than by his wit.

You will hear, I believe, with very little ſurpriſe, that, by this conduct, I had in a very little time united mankind againſt me, and that every tongue was diligent in prevention or revenge. I ſoon perceived myſelf regarded with malevolence or diſtruſt, but wondered what had been diſcovered in me either terrible or hateful. I had invaded no man's property, I had rivalled no man's claims, nor had ever engaged in any of thoſe attempts which provoke the jealouſy of ambition, or the rage of faction. I had lived but to laugh, and make others laugh; and imagined I was loved by all who careſſed, and favoured by all who applauded me. I never imagined, that he who, in the mirth of a nocturnal revel, concurred in ridiculing his friend, would conſider in a cooler hour, that the ſame trick might be played againſt himſelf; or that, even without ſenſe of danger, the natural pride of human nature riſes againſt him, who by general cenſure lays claim to general ſu*periority*.

I was convinced, by a total deſertion, of the impropriety of my conduct. Every man avoided, and cautioned others to avoid me. Wherever I came, I found ſilence and dejection, coldneſs and terrour. No one would venture to ſpeak, leſt he ſhould lay himſelf open to unfavourable repreſentations; the company, however numerous, dropped off upon various pretences; and if I retired to avoid the ſhame of being left, I heard confidence and mirth revive at my departure.

If thoſe whom I had thus offended, could have contented themſelves with repaying one inſult for another, and kept up the war only by a reciprocation of ſarcaſms, they might have perhaps vexed, but would never much have hurt me; for no man heartily hates him at whom he can laugh. But thoſe wounds which they give me as they fly, are without cure. This alarm which they ſpread by their ſolicitude to eſcape me, excludes me from all friendſhip, and from all pleaſure; and I am condemned to paſs a long interval of my life in ſolitude, as a man ſuſpected of infection is refuſed admiſſion into cities, and muſt linger in obſcurity, till my conduct ſhall convince the world that I may be approached without hazard.

I am, *&c.*

DICACULUS.

N° 175. *Tueſday, November* 19. 1751.

Rari quippe boni, numero vix ſunt totidem quot
Thebarum portæ, vel divitis oſtia Nili.

JUV.

NOne of the axioms of wiſdom which recommended the ancient ſages to veneration, ſeems to have required leſs extent of knowledge or perſpicacity of penetration, than the remark of *Bias*, that οἱ πλέονες κακοὶ, *the majority are wicked.*

The depravity of mankind is ſo eaſily diſcoverable, that nothing but the deſart or the cell can exclude it from notice. The knowledge of crimes intrudes uncalled and undeſired. They whom their abſtraction from common occurrences hinders from ſeeing iniquity, will quickly have their attention awakened by feeling it; and he who ventures not into the world, may learn it in his cloſet. For what are treatiſes of morality, but perſuaſives to the practice of duties, for which no arguments would be neceſſary, but that we are continually tempted to violate or neglect them? What are all

all the records of hiſtory, but narratives of ſucceſſive villanies, of treaſons and uſurpations, maſſacres, and wars?

But, perhaps, the excellence of aphoriſms conſiſts not ſo much in the expreſſion of ſome rare or abſtruſe ſentiment, as in the comprehenſion of ſome obvious and uſeful truth in a few words. We frequently fall into errour and folly, not becauſe the true principles of action are not known, but becauſe, for a time, they are not remembered: and he may therefore be juſtly numbered among the benefactors of mankind, who contracts the great rules of life into ſhort ſentences, which may be eaſily impreſſed on the memory, and taught by frequent recollection to recur habitually to the mind, whenever occaſion calls them into uſe.

However thoſe who have paſſed through half the life of man may now wonder that any ſhould require to be cautioned againſt corruption, they will find, that they have themſelves purchaſed their conviction by many diſappointments and vexations, which an earlier knowledge would have ſpared them; and may ſee on every ſide ſome entangling themſelves in perplexities, and ſome ſinking into ruin, by ignorance or neglect of the maxim of *Bias*.

Every day ſends out, in queſt of pleaſure and diſtinction,

diſtinction, ſome heir fondled in ignorance, and flattered into pride. He comes forth with all the confidence of a ſpirit unacquainted with ſuperiors, and all the benevolence of a mind not yet irritated by oppoſition, alarmed by fraud, or embittered by cruelty. He loves all, becauſe he imagines himſelf the univerſal favourite. Every exchange of ſalutation produces a new acquaintance, and every acquaintance kindles into friendſhip.

Every ſeaſon brings a new flight of beauties into the world, who have hitherto heard only of their own charms, and imagine, that the heart feels no paſſion but that of love. They are ſoon ſurrounded by admirers; whom they credit, becauſe they tell them only what is heard with delight. Whoever gazes upon them, is a lover; and whoever forces a ſigh, is pining in deſpair.

He ſurely is an uſeful monitor, who inculcates to theſe thoughtleſs ſtrangers, that the *majority is wicked*; who informs them, that the train which wealth and beauty draw after them, is lured only by the ſcent of prey; and that, perhaps, among all thoſe who croud about them with profeſſions and flatteries, there is not one who does not hope for ſome opportunity to devour or betray them, to glut himſelf by their deſtruction, or to ſhare their ſpoils with a ſtronger ſavage.

Virtue

Virtue repreſented ſingly to the imagination or the reaſon, is ſo well recommended by its own graces, and ſo ſtrongly ſupported by arguments, that they who are yet ignorant of the force of paſſion and intereſt, nor ever obſerved the arts of ſeduction, the contagion of example, the gradual deſcent from one crime to another, or the inſenſible depravation of the principles by looſe converſation, naturally expect to find integrity in every boſom, and veracity on every tongue.

It is indeed impoſſible not to hear, from thoſe who have lived longer, of wrongs and falſehoods, violence and circumvention: but ſuch narratives are commonly regarded by the young, the heady, and the confident, as nothing more than the murmurs of peeviſhneſs, or the dreams of dotage; and, notwithſtanding all the documents of hoary wiſdom, we commonly plunge into the world fearleſs and credulous, without any foreſight of danger, or apprehenſion of deceit.

I have remarked in a former paper, that credulity is the common failing of unexperienced virtue; and that he who is ſpontaneouſly ſuſpicious, may be juſtly charged with radical corruption. If he has not known the prevalence of diſhoneſty by information, nor had time to obſerve it with his own eyes, whence can he take his meaſures of judgment, *but from* himſelf?

They, therefore, who beſt deſerve to eſcap
ſnares of artifice, are moſt likely to be entan
He that endeavours to live for the good of o
muſt always be expoſed to the arts of them
live only for themſelves; unleſs he is taugh
timely precepts the caution required in con
tranſactions, and ſhown at a diſtance the pitf
treachery.

To youth, therefore, it ſhould be carefully i
cated, that to enter the road of life without
tion or reſerve, in expectation of general fi
and juſtice, is to enter the wide ocean withou
inſtruments of ſteerage, and to hope, that
wind will be proſperous, and that every coa
afford a harbour.

To enumerate the various motives to decei
injury, would be to count all the deſires tha
vail among the ſons of men; ſince there is n
bition however petty, no wiſh however al
that, by indulgence, will not be enabled to
power the influence of virtue. Many there
who openly, and almoſt profeſſedly, regula
their conduct by their love of money, and
have no reaſon for action or forbearance, for
pliance or refuſal, than that they hope to
more by one than by the other. Theſe are in
the meaneſt and cruelleſt of human beings; a
with whom, as with ſome peſtiferous animals,

whole creation ſeems to be at war; but who, however deteſted or ſcorned, long continue to add heap to heap, and when they have reduced one to beggary, are ſtill permitted to faſten on another.

Others, yet leſs rationally wicked, paſs their lives in miſchief; becauſe they cannot bear the ſight of ſucceſs, and mark out every man for hatred, whoſe fame or fortune they believe encreaſing.

Many who have not advanced to theſe degrees of guilt, are yet wholly unqualified for friendſhip, and unable to maintain any conſtant or regular courſe of kindneſs. Happineſs may be deſtroyed by union with the man whom a wild opinion of the dignity of perſeverance in whatever cauſe, diſpoſes to purſue every injury with unwearied and perpetual reſentment, or whoſe vanity inclines him to conſider every man as a rival in every pretenſion; with him whoſe airy negligence puts his friend's affairs or ſecrets in continual hazard, and who thinks his forgetfulneſs of others vindicated by his inattention to himſelf; or with him whoſe inconſtancy ranges, without any ſettled rule of choice, through varieties of friendſhip, and who adopts favourites and diſmiſſes them by the ſudden impulſe of caprice.

Thus numerous are the difficulties to which the

converſe of mankind expoſes us, and which can be avoided only by prudent diſtruſt. He therefore that, remembering this ſalutary maxim, learns early to with-hold his fondneſs from fair appearances, will have reaſon to pay ſome honours to *Bias* of *Priene*, who enabled him to become wiſe without the coſt of experience.

N° 176. *Saturday, November* 23. 1751.

——*Naſo ſuſpendere adunco.* HOR.

THere are many vexatious accidents and uneaſy ſituations, which raiſe little compaſſion for the ſufferer, and which no man but thoſe whom they immediately diſtreſs, can regard with ſerioufneſs. Theſe petty miſchiefs, which have no influence on futurity, nor extend their effects to the reſt of life, are always ſeen with a kind of malicious pleaſure. A miſtake or embarraſſment, which for the preſent moment fills the face with bluſhes, and the mind with confuſion, will have no other effect upon thoſe who are preſent, than that of convulſing them with irreſiſtible laughter. There are circumſtances of miſery ſo powerfully ridiculous, that neither kindneſs nor duty can withſtand them; and which bear down love, intereſt, and reverence; and force the friend, the dependant, or the child, to give way to inſtantaneous motions of merriment.

Among the principal of comic calamities, may be reckoned the pain which an author not yet hardened into inſenſibility, feels at the onſet of a furious

furious critic, whoſe age, rank, or fortune gives him confidence to ſpeak without reſerve, to heap one objection upon another, and to obtrude his remarks and enforce his corrections without tenderneſs or awe.

The author, full of the importance of his work, alarmed at the danger of his character, and anxious for the juſtification of every ſyllable, ſtarts and kindles at the ſlighteſt attack. The critic, eager to eſtabliſh his ſuperiority, triumphing in every diſcovery of failure, and zealous to impreſs the cogency of his arguments, purſues him from line to line, without ceſſation or remorſe. The critic, who hazards little, proceeds with vehemence, impetuoſity, and fearleſſneſs; the author, whoſe quiet, and fame, and life, and immortality are involved in the controverſy, tries every art of ſubterfuge and defence, maintains modeſtly what he reſolves never to yield, and yields unwillingly what cannot be maintained. The critic's purpoſe is, to conquer; the author only hopes to eſcape: the critic therefore knits his brow, and raiſes his voice, and rejoices whenever he perceives any tokens of pain excited by the preſſure of his aſſertions, or the point of his ſarcaſms. The author, whoſe endeavour is at once to mollify and elude his perſecutor, compoſes his features, and ſoftens his accent; breaks the force of aſſault by retreat,

retreat, and rather ſteps aſide than advances againſt him.

As it very ſeldom happens that the rage of extemporary criticiſm inflicts any fatal or laſting wounds, I know not that the laws of benevolence entitle this diſtreſs to much ſympathy. The diverſion of baiting an author has the ſanction of all ages and nations; and is more lawful than the ſport of teizing other animals; becauſe for the moſt part he comes voluntarily to the ſtake, and imagines himſelf furniſhed by the patron powers of literature with reſiſtleſs weapons and impenetrable armour; with the mail of the boar of *Erymanth*, and the paws of the lion of *Nemea*.

But the works of genius are produced by other motives than vanity; and he whom neceſſity or duty enforces to write, is not always ſo well ſatisfied with himſelf as not to be diſcouraged by cenſorious impudence. It may therefore not be unneceſſary to conſider by what meaſures they whom the publication of their names lays open to the inſults of all whoſe obſcurity ſecures them from diſgrace, may extricate themſelves from unexpected encounters.

Vida, a man of conſiderable ſkill in the politics of literature, directs his pupil wholly to abandon his defence, and, even when he can irrefragably

refute

refute all objections, to ſuffer tamely the exultations of his antagoniſt.

This rule may perhaps be juſt, when advice is aſked and ſeverity ſolicited; becauſe no man tells his opinion ſo freely as when he imagines it received with implicit veneration; and critics ought never to be conſulted but while the work is yet in our own power, while errors may be rectified and inſipidity ſuppreſſed. But when the book has once been diſmiſſed into the world, and can be no more retouched, I know not whether a very different conduct ſhould not be preſcribed, and whether firmneſs and ſpirit may not ſometimes be of uſe to overpower arrogance, and repel brutality. Softneſs, diffidence, and moderation, will often be miſtaken for imbecillity and dejection: they will lure cowardice to the attack, by the hopes of eaſy victory; and it will ſoon be found, that he whom every man thinks he can conquer, can never be at peace.

The animadverſions of critics are commonly ſuch as may eaſily provoke the ſedateſt writer to ſome quickneſs of reſentment and aſperity of reply. A man who, by long conſideration, has familiariſed a ſubject to his own mind, carefully ſurveyed the ſeries of his thoughts, and planned all the parts of his compoſition into a regular dependance on each other, will often ſtart at the ſiniſtrous interpreta-

tion.

tions and abſurd remarks of haſte and ignorance, and wonder by what infatuation they have been led away from the obvious ſenſe, and upon what peculiar principles of judgment they decide againſt him.

The eye of the intellect, like that of the body, is not equally perfect in all, nor equally adapted in any to all objects. The end of criticiſm, is to ſupply its effects. Rules are the inſtruments of mental viſion; which may indeed aſſiſt our faculties when properly uſed, but produce confuſion and obſcurity by unſkilful application.

Some ſeem always to read with the microſcope of criticiſm, and employ their whole attention upon minute elegance, or faults ſcarcely viſible to common obſervation. The diſſonance of a ſyllable, the recurrence of the ſame ſound, the repetition of a particle, the ſmalleſt deviation from propriety, the ſlighteſt defect in conſtruction or arrangement, ſwell before their eyes into enormities. As they diſcern with great exactneſs, they comprehend but a narrow compaſs; and know nothing of the juſtneſs of the deſign, the ſpirit of the performance, the artifice of connection, or the harmony of the parts; they never conceive how ſmall a proportion that which they are buſy in contemplating bears to the whole, or how the trivial inaccuracies with which they are

offended, are abſorbed and loſt in general
cellence.

Others are furniſhed by criticiſm with a te
ſcope. They ſee with great clearneſs whate
is too remote to be diſcovered by the reſt of m
kind, but are totally blind to all that lies imr
diately before them. They diſcover in every p
ſage ſome ſecret meaning, ſome remote alluſi
ſome artful allegory, or ſome occult imitati
which no other reader ever ſuſpected; but t
have no perception of the cogency of argume
the contexture of narrations, the various colc
of diction, or the flowery embelliſhments of fan
of all that engages the attention of others, t
are totally inſenſible, while they pry into
worlds of conjecture, and amuſe themſelves w
phantoms in the clouds.

In criticiſm, as in every other art, we fail fo
times by our weakneſs, but more frequently
our fault. We are ſometimes bewildered by
norance, and ſometimes by prejudice; but we
dom deviate far from the right, but when we
liver ourſelves up to the direction of vanity.

N° 177. *Tueſday, November* 26. 1751.

——Nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala deriſum——

HOR.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

WHen, after the uſual time ſpent at the univerſity, I was about to enter upon the profeſſion to which my friends had leſtined me, I was ſummoned, by the death of ny father, into the country; where I found my-elf maſter of an unexpected ſum of money, and f an eſtate, which, though not large, was, in my pinion, ſufficient to ſupport me in a condition far referable to the fatigue, dependance, and uncer-ainty of any gainful occupation. I therefore re-olved to devote the reſt of my life wholly to ıriоſity, and, without any confinement of my ccurſions, or termination of my views, to wan-er over the boundleſs regions of general know-dge.

This ſcheme of life ſeemed pregnant with inexhauſtible variety; and therefore I could not forbear to congratulate myſelf upon the wiſdom of my choice. I furniſhed a large room with all conveniencies for ſtudy, collected books of every kind, quitted every ſcience at the firſt perception of diſguſt, returned to it again as ſoon as my former ardour happened to revive; and having no rival to depreſs me by compariſon, nor any critic to alarm me with objections, I ſpent day after day in profound tranquillity, with only ſo much complacence in my own improvements, as ſerved to excite and animate my application.

Thus I lived for ſome years with complete acquieſcence in my own plan of conduct, riſing early to read, and dividing the latter part of the day between œconomy, exerciſe, and reflection. But in time, I began to find my mind contracted and ſtiffened by ſolitude. My eaſe and elegance were ſenſibly impaired; I was no longer able to accommodate myſelf with readineſs to the accidental current of converſation; my notions grew particular and paradoxical, and my phraſeology formal and unfaſhionable; I ſpoke, on common occaſions, the language of books. My quickneſs of apprehenſion, and celerity of reply, had entirely deſerted me. When I delivered my opinion, or detailed my knowledge, I was bewildered by an *unſeaſon*able interrogatory, diſconcerted by any trivial

trivial objection, and overwhelmed, and loſt in dejection, when the ſmalleſt advantage was gained againſt me in diſpute. I became deciſive and dogmatical, impatient of contradiction, perpetually jealous of my character, inſolent to ſuch as acknowledged my ſuperiority, and ſullen and malignant to all who refuſed to receive my dictates.

This I ſoon diſcovered to be one of thoſe intellectual diſeaſes which a wiſe man ſhould make haſte to cure. I therefore reſolved for a time to ſhut my books, and learn again the art of converſation; to defecate and clear my mind by briſker motions, and ſtronger impulſes; and to unite myſelf once more to the living generation.

For this purpoſe, I haſted to *London*, and entreated one of my academical acquaintances, to introduce me into ſome of the little ſocieties of literature, which are formed in taverns and coffee-houſes. He was pleaſed with an opportunity of ſhewing me to his friends; and ſoon obtained me admiſſion among a ſelect company of curious men, who met once a week to exhilarate their ſtudies, and compare their acquiſitions.

The eldeſt and moſt venerable of this ſociety was *Hirſutus*; who, after the firſt civilities of my reception, found means to introduce the mention of his favourite ſtudies, by a ſevere cenſure of

those

thoſe who want the due regard for their native country. He informed me, that he had early withdrawn his attention from foreign trifles, and that ſince he begun to addict his mind to ſerious and manly ſtudies, he had very carefully amaſſed all the *Engliſh* books which were printed in the black character. This ſearch he had purſued ſo diligently, that he was able to ſhow the deficiencies of the beſt catalogues. He had long ſince completed his *Caxton*; had three ſheets of *Treveris* unknown to the antiquaries; and wanted to a perfect *Pynſon* but two volumes, of which one was promiſed him as a legacy by its preſent poſſeſſor, and the other he was reſolved to buy, at whatever price, when *Quiſquilius*'s library ſhould be ſold. *Hirſutus* had no other reaſon for the valuing or ſlighting a book, than that it was printed in the *Roman* or the *Gothic* letter, nor any ideas but ſuch as his favourite volumes had ſupplied. When he was ſerious, he expatiated on the narratives of *Johan de Treviſa*; and when he was merry, regaled us with a quotation from the *Shippe of Foles*.

While I was liſtening to this hoary ſtudent, *Ferratus* entered in a hurry, and informed us with the abruptneſs of ecſtaſy, that his ſet of half-pence was now complete; that he had juſt received in a handful of change, the piece that he *had ſo long* been ſeeking, and that he could now

defy

defy mankind to outgo his collection of *English* copper.

Chartophylax then obſerved how fatally human ſagacity was ſometimes baffled, and how often the moſt valuable diſcoveries are made by chance. He had employed himſelf and his emiſſaries ſeven years, at great expence, to perfect his ſeries of *Gazettes*; but had long wanted a ſingle paper, which, when he deſpaired of obtaining it, was ſent him wrapped round a parcel of tobacco.

Cantilenus turned all his thoughts upon old ballads, which he conſidered as the genuine records of the national taſte. He offered to ſhew me a copy of *the children in the wood*, which he firmly believed to be of the firſt edition, and by the help of which the text might be freed from ſeveral corruptions, if this age of barbarity had any claim to ſuch favours from him.

Many were admitted into this ſociety, as inferior members, becauſe they had collected old prints and neglected pamphlets, or poſſeſſed ſome fragment of antiquity, as, the ſeal of an ancient corporation, the charter of a religious houſe, the genealogy of a family extinct, or a letter written in the reign of *Eliſabeth*.

Every one of theſe virtuoſos looked on all his aſſociates

aſſociates as wretches of depraved taſte and narrow notions. Their converſation was therefore fretful and waſpiſh, their behaviour brutal, their merriment bluntly ſarcaſtic, and their ſerioufneſs gloomy and ſuſpicious. They were totally ignorant of all that paſſes, or has lately paſſed, in the world; unable to diſcuſs any queſtion of political, religious, or military knowledge; equally ſtrangers to ſcience and politer learning; and without any wiſh to improve their minds, or other pleaſure than that of diſplaying rarities, of which they would not ſuffer others to make the proper uſe.

Hirſutus graciouſly informed me, that the number of their ſociety was limited, but that I might ſometimes attend as an auditor. I was pleaſed to find myſelf in no danger of an honour, which I could not have willingly accepted, nor gracefully refuſed; and left them without any intention of returning; for I ſoon found, that the ſuppreſſion of thoſe habits with which I was viciated, required aſſociation with men very different from this ſolemn race.

I am,

SIR, &c.

VIVACULUS.

It is natural to feel grief or indignation, when any thing neceſſary or uſeful is wantonly waſted, or negligently deſtroyed; and therefore my correſpondent cannot be blamed for looking with uneaſineſs on the waſte of life. Leiſure and curioſity might ſoon make great advances in uſeful knowledge, were they not diverted by trivial emulation and laborious trifles. It may, however, ſomewhat mollify his anger, to reflect, that perhaps none of the aſſembly which he deſcribes, was capable of any nobler employment; and that he who does his beſt, however little, is always to be diſtinguiſhed from him who does nothing. Whatever buſies the mind without corrupting it, has at leaſt this uſe, that it reſcues the day from idleneſs; and he that is never idle, will not often be vicious.

N° 178. *Saturday, November* 30. 1751.

Pars ſanitatis velle ſanari fuit. SENECA.

PYthagoras is reported to have required from thoſe whom he inſtructed in philoſophy, a probationary ſilence of five years. Whether this prohibition of ſpeech extended to all the parts of their time, as ſeems generally to be ſuppoſed, or was to be obſerved only in the ſchool, or preſence of their maſter, which is more probable, it was ſufficient to diſcover the pupil's diſpoſition, and to try whether he was willing to pay the price of learning, or whether he was one of thoſe whoſe ardour was rather violent than laſting, and who expected to grow wiſe on other terms than thoſe of patience and obedience.

Many of the bleſſings which are univerſally deſired, are very frequently wanted; becauſe moſt men, when they ſhould labour, content themſelves to complain, and rather linger in a ſtate in which they cannot be at reſt, than improve their condition by any uncommon effort of vigour or reſolution.

Providence

Providence has fixed the limits of human enjoyment by immoveable boundaries, and has ſet different gratifications at ſuch a diſtance from each other, that no art or power can bring them together. This great law it is the buſineſs of every rational being to underſtand, that life may not paſs away in an attempt to make contradictions conſiſtent, to combine oppoſite qualities, and to unite what the nature of their being muſt always keep aſunder.

Of two objects tempting at a diſtance, on contrary ſides, it is impoſſible to approach one, but by receding from the other; by long deliberation and dilatory projects, they may be both loſt, but can never be both gained. It is therefore neceſſary to compare them; and when we have determined the preference, to withdraw our eyes and our thoughts at once from that which reaſon directs us to reject: and this is more neceſſary, if that which we are forſaking has the power of delighting the ſenſes, or firing the fancy. He that turns aſide to the allurements of unlawful pleaſure, can have no ſecurity that he ſhall ever return to the paths of virtue.

The philoſophic goddeſs of *Boethius*, when ſhe has related the ſtory of *Orpheus*, who, when he had recovered his wife from the dominions of death, loſt her again, by looking back upon her in the

confines of light, concludes with a very elegant and forcible application: "Whoever you are that endeavour to elevate your minds to the illuminations of heaven, conſider yourſelves as repreſented in this fable; for he that is once ſo far overcome as to turn back his eyes towards the infernal caverns, loſes at the firſt ſight all that influence which attracted him on high."

Vos hæc fabula reſpicit,
Quicunque in ſuperum diem
Mentem ducere quæritis.
Nam qui Tartareum in ſpecus
Victus lumina flexerit,
Quidquid præcipuum trahit,
Perdit, dum videt inferos.

It may be obſerved in general, that the future is purchaſed by the preſent. It is not poſſible to ſecure diſtant or permanent happineſs, but by the forbearance of ſome immediate gratification. This is ſo evidently true with regard to the whole of our exiſtence, that all the precepts of theology have no other tendency than to enforce a life of faith; a life regulated, not by our ſenſes, but our belief; a life in which pleaſures are to be refuſed for fear of inviſible puniſhments; and calamities ſometimes to be ſought, and always endured, in hope of rewards that ſhall be obtained in another ſtate.

Even

Even if we take into our view only that particle of our duration which is terminated by the grave, it will be found that we cannot enjoy one part of life beyond the common limitations of pleaſure, but by anticipating ſome of the ſatisfaction which ſhould exhilarate the following years. The heat of youth may ſpread happineſs into wild luxuriance; but that radical vigour which ſhould make it perennial is exhauſted, and all that can be hoped afterwards is languor and ſterility.

The reigning errour of mankind is, that we are not content with the conditions on which the goods of life are granted. No man is inſenſible of the value of knowledge, the advantages of health, or the convenience of plenty; but every day ſhews us thoſe on whom their conviction is without effect.

Knowledge is praiſed and deſired by multitudes whom her charms could never rouſe from the couch of ſloth, and whom the fainteſt invitation of pleaſure draws away from their ſtudies; to whom any other method of wearing out the day is more eligible than the toil of thinking; and who are more eaſily engaged by any converſation, than that by which their notions may be rectified, or their comprehenſion enlarged.

Every man that has felt pain, knows how little

all

all other comforts can gladden him to whom health is denied; yet who is there who does not ſometimes hazard it for the enjoyment of an hour? All aſſemblies of jollity, all places of public entertainment, exhibit examples of ſtrength waſting in riot, and beauty withering in irregularity: nor is it eaſy to enter a houſe in which part of the family is not groaning out their repentance of paſt intemperance, and part admitting diſeaſe by negligence, or ſoliciting it by luxury.

There is no pleaſure which men of every age and ſect have more generally agreed to mention with contempt, than the gratifications of the palate; an entertainment ſo far removed from all intellectual happineſs, that ſcarcely the moſt ſhameleſs of the ſenſual herd have dared to defend it: yet even to this, the loweſt of our delights; to this, though neither quick nor laſting, is health with all its activity and ſprightlineſs daily ſacrificed, and for this are half the miſeries endured which urge impatience to call on death.

The whole world is put in motion by the wiſh for riches, and the dread of poverty. Who then would not imagine that ſuch conduct as muſt inevitably deſtroy what all are thus labouring to acquire, muſt generally be avoided? That he who ſpends more than he receives, muſt in time become indigent, cannot be doubted? But how evident

ſoever

ſoever this conſequence may appear, the ſpendthrift moves in the whirl of pleaſure with too much rapidity to keep it before his eyes; and in the intoxication of gaiety grows every day poorer, without any ſuch ſenſe of approaching ruin as is ſufficient to wake him into caution.

Many complaints are made of the miſery of life. And indeed it muſt be confeſſed, that we are ſubject to calamities which neither prudence can avoid, nor courage overcome; and by which the good and bad, the diligent and ſlothful, the vigilant and heedleſs, are equally afflicted. But ſurely no man has a right to repine at evils which, againſt warning, againſt experience, he deliberately and leiſurely brings upon his own head; or to conſider himſelf as debarred from happineſs by ſuch obſtacles as reſolution may break, or dexterity may put aſide.

Great numbers who quarrel with their condition, have wanted not the power, but the will to obtain a better ſtate. They have never contemplated the difference between good and evil ſufficiently to quicken averſion or invigorate deſire: they have indulged a drowſy thoughtleſſneſs or giddy levity, have committed the ballance of choice to the management of caprice; and when they have long accuſtomed themſelves to receive all that chance offered them without examination, lament at laſt that they have found themſelves deceived.

N° 179. *Tueſday, December* 3. 1751.

Perpetuo riſu pulmonem agitare ſolebat.

Juv.

EVery man, ſays *Tully*, has two characters; one which he partakes with all mankind, and by which he is diſtinguiſhed from brute animals; and another which diſcriminates him from the reſt of his own ſpecies, and impreſſes on him a manner and temper peculiar to himſelf. This particular character, if it be not repugnant to the laws of general humanity, it is every man's buſineſs to cultivate and preſerve.

Obſervation will every hour furniſh ſome inſtance in confirmation of *Tully*'s precept. It ſeldom happens, that any aſſembly of pleaſure is ſo happily ſelected, but that ſome one finds admiſſion, with whom the reſt are deſervedly offended; and it will appear on a cloſe inſpection, that ſcarce any man becomes eminently diſagreeable but by affectation or by a departure from his real character, and an attempt at ſomething for which nature or art have left him unqualified.

Ignorar

Ignorance or dulneſs have indeed no power of affording delight; but they never give diſguſt, except when they aſſume the dignity of knowledge, or ape the ſprightlineſs of wit. Aukwardneſs and inelegance have none of thoſe attractions by which eaſe and politeneſs ſeize upon the heart; but ridicule and cenſure ſeldom riſe againſt them, unleſs they appear aſſociated with that confidence, which belongs only to long acquaintance with the modes of life, and to conſciouſneſs of unfailing propriety of behaviour. Deformity itſelf is regarded with tenderneſs rather than averſion, when it does not attempt to deceive the ſight by dreſs and decoration, and ſeize, upon fictitious claims, the prerogatives of beauty.

He that ſtands to contemplate the crouds that fill the ſtreets of a populous city, will ſee many paſſengers whoſe air and motion it will be difficult to obſerve without contempt and laughter; but if he examines what are the appearances that thus powerfully excited his merriment, he will find among them neither poverty nor diſeaſe, nor any involuntary or painful defect. The diſpoſition to deriſion and inſult, is awakened by the ſoftneſs of foppery, the ſwell of inſolence, the livelineſs of levity, and the ſolemnity of grandeur; by the ſprightly trip, the ſtately ſtalk, the formal ſtrut, and the lofty mien; by geſtures intended to catch

the eye, and by looks elaborately formed as evidences of importance.

It has, I think, been ſometimes urged in favour of affectation, that it is only a miſtake of the means to a good end, and that the intention with which it is practiſed is always to pleaſe. If indeed all attempts to innovate the conſtitutional or habitual character have proceeded from public ſpirit, and the love of others, the world has hitherto been ſufficiently ungrateful; ſince no return but averſion and ſcorn has yet been made to the moſt difficult of all enterpriſes, a conteſt with nature; nor has any pity been ſhown to the fatigues of labour which never ſucceeded, and the uneaſineſs of diſguiſe by which nothing was concealed.

It ſeems to be determined by the general ſuffrage of mankind, that he who decks himſelf in adſcititious qualities, rather purpoſes to command applauſe, than impart pleaſure; and he is therefore treated as a man unreaſonably ambitious of diſtinction, who uſurps a place in ſociety to which he has no right. Praiſe is ſeldom paid with willingneſs, even when it is due, to inconteſtable merit; and it can be no wonder, that he who calls for it without deſert, is repulſed with univerſal malevolence.

Affectation naturally counterfeits thoſe excel-

lencies

lencies which are placed at the greateſt diſtance from poſſibility of attainment. We are conſcious of our own defects, and eagerly endeavour to ſupply them by adopted qualities: nor would this practice be wholly without excuſe, were it not incited commonly by the deſire of emulating ornamental trifles, and uneſſential accompliſhments; which he, that thus anxiouſly ſtruggles for the reputation of poſſeſſing them, would not have been known to want, had not his induſtry quickened obſervation.

Gelaſimus paſſed the firſt part of his life in academical privacy and rural retirement, without any other converſation than that of ſcholars, as grave, as ſtudious, and as abſtracted as himſelf. He cultivated the mathematical ſciences with great diligence, diſcovered many uſeful theorems, diſcuſſed with great accuracy the reſiſtance of fluids; and though his priority was not generally acknowledged, was the firſt who fully explained all the properties of the catenarian curve.

Learning, when it riſes to eminence, will be obſerved in time, whatever miſts may happen to ſurround it. *Gelaſimus*, in his forty-ninth year, was diſtinguiſhed by thoſe who have the rewards of knowledge in their hands, and called out of his obſcurity to diſplay his acquiſitions for the honour of his country, and add dignity by his preſence

to philoſophical aſſemblies. As he did
his unfitneſs for common affairs, he f
luctance to obey the invitation; and wl
not feel, he had yet too much honeſty to
entered into the world as into a larger
populous college, where his performan
be more public, and his renown farther
and imagined, that he ſhould find his repu
verſally prevalent, and the influence o
every where the ſame.

His merit indeed introduced him tc
tables and elegant acquaintance; but
find himſelf always qualified to join in tl
ſation. He was diſtreſſed by civilities,
knew not how to repay; and entangled
ceremonial perplexities, from which
could not teach him to extricate himſelf.
ſometimes unluckily engaged in diſpute
dies, with whom algebraic axioms had
weight; and ſaw many whoſe favour a
he could not but deſire, and to whom h
little recommended by his theories of
or his approximations to the quadratu
circle.

Gelaſimus did not want penetration to
that no charm was more generally irreſi
that of eaſy facetiouſneſs and flowing hil
ſaw, that diverſion was more frequently

than improvement; that authority and ſerioufneſs were rather feared than loved; and the grave ſcholar was a kind of imperious ally, ſoon diſmiſſed when his aſſiſtance was no longer neceſſary. He therefore came to a ſudden reſolution of throwing off thoſe cumbrous ornaments of learning, which, as he imagined, hindered his reception; and with no other images than arcs and angles, commenced a man of wit and jocularity. Utterly unacquainted with every topic of merriment, ignorant of the modes and follies, the vices and virtues of mankind, and unfurniſhed with any ideas but ſuch as *Pappus* and *Archimedes* had given him, he began to ſilence all enquiries with a jeſt inſtead of a ſolution; extended his face with a grin, which he miſtook for a ſmile; and, in the place of ſcientific diſcourſe, retailed in a new language formed between the college and the tavern, the tattle of the morning.

Laughter, he knew, was a token of alacrity; and therefore, whatever he ſaid, or whatever he heard, he was careful not to fail in the great duty of a wit. If he aſked or told the hour of the day; if he complained of heat or cold, ſtirred the fire or filled a glaſs, removed his chair or ſnuffed a candle, he always found ſome occaſion to laugh. The jeſt was indeed generally a ſecret to all but himſelf; but his habitual confidence in his own diſcernment, hindered him from ſuſpecting any weak-

neſs

neſs or miſtake. He wondered that his wit was ſo little underſtood; but expected that his audience would comprehend it by degrees; and perſiſted all his life to ſhow by groſs buffoonry, how little the ſtrongeſt faculties can perform beyond the limits of their own province.

N° 180. *Saturday, December* 7. 1751.

Ταῦτ' εἰδὼς σοφὸς ἴσθι, μάτην δ' Ἐπίκυρον ἔασον
Πῦ τὸ κενὸν ζητεῖν, καὶ τίνες αἱ μονάδες.

AUTOMEDON.

IT is ſomewhere related by *Le Clerc*, that a wealthy trader of good underſtanding, having the uſual ambition to breed his ſon a ſcholar, carried him to an univerſity, reſolving to make uſe of his own judgment in the choice of a tutor. He had been taught, by whatever intelligence, the neareſt way to the heart of an academic; and ſoon after his arrival, opened his purſe with ſo little reſerve, and entertained all who came about him with ſuch profuſion of plenty, that the profeſſors were preſently lured by the ſmell of his table from their books, and flocked round him with all the importunity of aukward complaiſance. This eagerneſs completely anſwered the merchant's purpoſe. He glutted them with delicacies, he cheared them with wine, he ſoftened them with careſſes, and by degrees prevailed upon one after another to open his boſom, and make a full diſcovery of his ſchemes of competition, his

alarms

alarms of jealouſy, and his rancour of reſentment. Thus, after having long endeavoured to learn each man's character, partly from himſelf, and partly from his acquaintances, he at laſt reſolved to find ſome other method of educating his ſon; and went away fully convinced, that a ſcholaſtic life has no other tendency than to vitiate the morals, and contract the underſtanding. Nor could he afterwards bear with patience the praiſes of the ancient authors; being perſuaded that ſcholars of all ages muſt have been the ſame, and that *Xenophon* and *Cicero* were nothing more than profeſſors of ſome former univerſity, and were therefore mean and ſelfiſh, ignorant and ſervile, like thoſe whom he had lately viſited and forſaken.

Envy, curioſity, and the ſenſe of the imperfection of our preſent ſtate, inclines us always to eſtimate the advantages which are in the poſſeſſion of others above their real value. Every man muſt have remarked, what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of ſcience is expected to excel the unenlightened and unlettered, even on occaſions where literature is of no uſe; and, among weak minds, loſes part of his reverence by diſcovering no ſuperiority in thoſe parts of life in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progreſs to the remoter provinces, the ruſtics are ſaid ſometimes to wonder

wonder that they find him of the ſame ſize with themſelves.

Attempts to ſatisfy the demands of prejudice and folly, are hopeleſs and vain; and therefore many of the imputations which learning ſuffers from diſappointed ignorance, are without reproach. Nor can it be denied, that there are ſome failures to which men of ſtudy are peculiarly expoſed. Every condition has its diſadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the moſt active and diligent intellect; and while ſome ſciences are purſued with ardour, others, perhaps of equal uſe, are neceſſarily neglected; as a ſmall garriſon muſt leave one part of an extenſive fortreſs naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally ſupport their dignity with more ſucceſs, if they ſuffered not themſelves to be miſled by the deſire of ſuperfluous attainments; of accompliſhments which few can underſtand or value; and of ſkill which they may ſink into the grave without any conſpicuous opportunities of exerting. *Raphael*, in return to *Adam*'s enquiries into the courſes of the ſtars, and the revolutions of heaven, counſels him to withdraw his mind from idle ſpeculations; and inſtead of watching motions which he has no power to regulate, to employ his faculties upon nearer and more intereſting objects; the ſurvey of his own life,

the ſubjection of his paſſions, the knowledge of thoſe duties which muſt daily be performed, and the detection of thoſe dangers which muſt daily be incurred.

This angelic counſel every man of letters ſhould always have before him. He that devotes himſelf to the privacies of ſtudy, naturally ſinks from neglect to oblivion of ſocial duties; to which he muſt be ſometimes awakened, and reſtored to the general condition of mankind.

I am far from any intention to limit curioſity, or to confine the labours of learning to arts of immediate and neceſſary uſe. It is only from the various eſſays of experimental induſtry, and the vague excurſions of minds ſent out upon diſcovery, that any advancement of knowledge can be expected: and though many may labour only to be diſappointed, yet they are not to be charged with having ſpent their time in vain; ſince their example contributed to inſpirit emulation, and perhaps their miſcarriages taught others the way to ſucceſs.

But the diſtant hope of being one day uſeful or eminent, ought not to miſlead us from that knowledge, which is equally requiſite to the great and mean, to the celebrated and obſcure; the art of moderating the deſires, of repreſſing the appetites, and

and of conciliating or deſerving the favour of mankind.

No man, ſurely, can think the conduct of his own life unworthy his attention. Yet, among the ſons of learning, many may be found, who ſeem to have thought of every thing rather than of themſelves, and have never condeſcended to obſerve what paſſes daily before their eyes; men, who while they are toiling through the intricacy of complicated ſyſtems, are inſuperably embarraſſed with the leaſt perplexity in common affairs; and while they are comparing the actions, and aſcertaining the characters of ancient heroes, let their days glide away without examination, and ſuffer vicious habits to encroach upon their minds without reſiſtance or detection.

One of the moſt frequent reproaches of the ſcholaſtic race is, the want of fortitude; of fortitude not martial, but philoſophic. That men bred in ſhades and ſilence, taught to immure themſelves at ſunſet, and accuſtomed to no other weapon than ſyllogiſms, ſhould be eaſily terrified by perſonal danger, and diſconcerted by tumult and alarm, is by no means wonderful. But why ſhould not he whoſe life is ſpent in contemplation, and whoſe buſineſs is only to diſcover truth, be able to rectify the fallacies of imagination, and contend ſucceſſfully againſt prejudice and paſſion? Why ſhould

he give up his underſtanding to falſe appearances, and ſuffer himſelf, like the meaneſt of the vulgar, to be dazzled with the glitter of proſperity; to be enſlaved by fear of evils, to which only folly or vanity can oppoſe him; or elated by hope of advantages which can add nothing to a wiſe man, and to which, as they are equally conferred upon the good and bad, no real dignity is annexed?

Such, however, is the ſtate of the world, that the moſt obſequious of the ſlaves of pride, the moſt rapturous of the gazers upon wealth, the moſt officious of the whiſperers of greatneſs, are to be collected from thoſe ſeminaries which are appropriated to the ſtudy of wiſdom and the contemplation of virtue; in which it was intended, that appetite ſhould learn to be content with little, and hope to aſpire to honours which no human power can give or take away.

The ſtudent, when he comes forth into the world, inſtead of congratulating himſelf upon his exemption from the errours and failures to which he ſees thoſe liable whoſe opinions have not been formed by precept and meditation, is commonly in haſte to ſhake from him all that diſtinguiſhes him from the reſt of mankind, to mingle with the multitude, and ſhew his ſprightlineſs and ductility by an expeditious compliance with faſhions, pleaſures, or vices. The firſt ſmile of a man whoſe

rank or fortune gives him power to reward his dependants, commonly enchants him beyond reſiſtance; the glare of equipage, the ſweets of luxury, the liberality of general promiſes, the ſoftneſs of habitual affability, ſtrike his ſenſes and fill his imagination; and he ſoon ceaſes to have any other wiſh than to be well received, or any meaſure of right and wrong than the opinion of his patron.

A man flattered and obeyed, ſoon learns to exact groſſer adulation, and enjoin lower ſubmiſſion. Neither our virtues nor vices are all our own. If there were no cowardice, there would be little inſolence. A man cannot grow proud to any great degree, but by the concurrence of blandiſhment, or the ſufferance of tameneſs. The wretch that would ſhrink and crouch before him that ſhould dart his eye upon him with the ſpirit of natural equality, quickly becomes capricious and tyrannical, when he ſees himſelf approached with a downcaſt look, and hears the ſoft addreſs of awe and ſervility. To the folly of thoſe who are willing to purchaſe favour and preferment by cringes and compliance, is to be imputed that general depravity that leaves nothing to be hoped by firmneſs and integrity.

If inſtead of wandering after the meteors of philoſophy which fill the world with ſplendour for a a while, and then ſink and are forgotten, the candidates

didates of learning would fix their eyes upon the permanent and immutable luſtre of moral truth, they would find a more certain direction to honour and to happineſs. A little power of diſcourſe, and a little acquaintance with unneceſſary ſpeculations, is dearly purchaſed when it excludes thoſe inſtructions which fortify the heart with reſolution, and exalt the ſpirit to independance.

N° 181.

N° 181. *Tueſday, December* 10. 1751.

———*Neu ſiuitem dubiæ ſpe pendulus horæ.*

HOR.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS I have paſſed a great part of my life in diſquiet and ſuſpenſe, and loſt many opportunities of advantage, by a paſſion which I have reaſon to believe prevalent, in different degrees, over a great part of mankind, I cannot but think myſelf well qualified to warn thoſe who are yet uncaptivated, of the danger which they incur by placing themſelves within its influence.

I ſerved an apprenticeſhip to a linen-draper, with uncommon reputation for diligence and fidelity; and at the age of three and twenty opened a ſhop for myſelf, with a large ſtock, and ſuch credit among all the merchants who were acquainted with my maſter, that I could command whatever was imported, curious or valuable. For five years I

proceeded

proceeded with ſucceſs proportionate to cloſe application and untainted integrity; was a daring bidder at every ſale; always paid my notes before they were due; and advanced ſo faſt in commercial reputation, that I was proverbially marked out as the model of young traders, and every one expected that a few years would make me an alderman.

In this courſe of even proſperity, I was one day perſuaded to buy a ticket in the lottery. The ſum was inconſiderable; the greater part was to be repaid, though fortune might fail to favour me; and therefore my eſtabliſhed maxims of frugality did not reſtrain me from ſo trifling an experiment. The ticket lay almoſt forgotten till the time at which every man's fate was to be determined; nor did the affair even then ſeem of any importance, till I diſcovered by the public papers, that the ticket next in number to mine had conferred the great prize.

My heart leaped at the thought of ſuch an approach to ſudden riches, which I conſidered myſelf, however contrarily to the laws of computation, as having miſſed by a ſingle chance; and could not forbear to entertain myſelf with the conſequences which ſuch a bounteous allotment would have produced, if it had happened to myſelf. This dream of felicity, by degrees, took poſſeſſion of *my* imagination. The great delight of my ſoli-

tary

tary hours was to purchaſe an eſtate, and form plantations with money which once might have been mine; and I never met my friends but I ſpoiled all their merriment by perpetual complaints of my ill luck.

At length, another lottery was opened; and I had now ſo heated my imagination with the proſpect of a prize, that I ſhould have preſſed among the firſt purchaſers, had not my ardour been with-held by deliberation upon the probability of ſucceſs from one ticket rather than another. I heſitated long between even and odd, conſidered all the ſquare and cubic numbers in the lottery, examined all thoſe to which good luck had been hitherto annexed, and at laſt fixed upon one, which, by ſome ſecret relation to the events of my life, I thought predeſtined to make me happy. Delay in great affairs is often miſchievous; the ticket was ſold, and its poſſeſſor could not be found.

I returned to my conjectures; and, after many arts of prognoſtication, fixed upon another chance, but with leſs confidence. Never did captive, heir, or lover, feel ſo much vexation from the ſlow pace of time, as I ſuffered between the purchaſe of my ticket and the diſtribution of the prizes. I ſolaced myſelf, however, as I could, by frequent contemplations of approaching happineſs. When the ſun roſe, I knew it would ſet, and congratulated

myſelf at night, that I was ſo much nearer to my wiſhes. At laſt the day came, my ticket appeared, and rewarded all my care and ſagacity with a deſpicable prize of fifty pounds.

My friends, who congratulated me upon my ſucceſs, were very coldly received. I hid myſelf a fortnight in the country, that my chagrin might fume away without obſervation, and then returned to my ſhop, and began to liſten after another lottery.

With the news of a lottery I was ſoon gratified; and having now found the vanity of conjecture, and the inefficacy of computation, I reſolved to take the prize by violence, and therefore bought forty tickets; not omitting however to divide them between the even and odd numbers, that I might not miſs the lucky claſs. Many concluſions did I form, and many experiments did I try, to determine from which of thoſe tickets I might moſt reaſonably expect affluence. At laſt, being unable to ſatisfy myſelf by any modes of reaſoning, I I wrote the numbers upon dice, and allotted five hours every day to the amuſement of throwing them in a garret; and examining the event by an exact regiſter, I found, on the evening before the lottery was drawn, that one of my numbers had been turned up five times more than any of the reſt in *three* hundred and thirty thouſand throws.

This

This experiment was fallacious; the firſt day preſented the hopeful ticket a deteſtable blank. The reſt came out with different fortune; and, in concluſion, I loſt thirty pounds by this great adventure.

I had now wholly changed the caſt of my behaviour and the conduct of my life. The ſhop was for the moſt part abandoned to my ſervants; and if I entered it, my thoughts were ſo engroſſed by my tickets, that I ſcarcely heard or anſwered a queſtion, but conſidered every cuſtomer as an intruder upon my meditations, whom I was in haſte to diſpatch. I miſtook the price of my goods, committed blunders in my bills, forgot to file my receits, and neglected to regulate my books. My acquaintances by degrees began to fall away; but I perceived the decline of my buſineſs with little emotion, becauſe, whatever deficiency there might be in my gains, I expected the next lottery to ſupply.

Miſcarriage naturally produces diffidence. I began now to ſeek aſſiſtance againſt ill luck, by an alliance with thoſe that had been more ſucceſsful. I enquired diligently at what office any prize had been ſold, that I might purchaſe of a propitious vender; ſolicited thoſe who had been fortunate in former lotteries, to partake with me in my new tickets; and whenever I met with any one that had, in any event of his life, been emi-

nently proſperous, I invited him to take a larger or ſmaller ſhare. I had, by this rule of conduct, ſo diffuſed my intereſt, that I had a fourth part of fifteen tickets, an eighth of forty, and a ſixteenth of ninety.

I waited for the deciſion of my fate with my former palpitations, and looked upon the buſineſs of my trade with the uſual neglect. The wheel at laſt was turned, and its revolutions brought me a long ſucceſſion of ſorrows and diſappointments. I indeed often partook of a ſmall prize; and the loſs of one day was generally balanced by the gain of the next; but my deſires yet remained unſatisfied; and when one of my chances had failed, all my expectation was ſuſpended on thoſe which remained yet undetermined. At laſt a prize of five thouſand pounds was proclaimed. I caught fire at the cry; and enquiring the number, found it to be one of my own tickets which I had divided among thoſe on whoſe luck I depended, and of which I had retained only a ſixteenth part.

You will eaſily judge, with what deteſtation of himſelf, a man thus intent upon gain reflected, that he had ſold a prize which was once in his poſſeſſion. It was to no purpoſe, that I repreſented to myſelf the impoſſibility of recalling the paſt, or the folly of condemning an act, which only its e*vent*, an event which no human intelligence could foreſee,

reſee, proved to be wrong. The prize, which, ough put in my hands, had been ſuffered to ſlip om me, filled me with anguiſh; and knowing at complaint would only expoſe me to ridicule, gave myſelf up ſilently to grief, and loſt by de-ees my appetite and my reſt.

My indiſpoſition ſoon became viſible. I was vi-ed by my friends, and among them by *Eumathes* clergyman, whoſe piety and learning gave him ch an aſcendant over me, that I could not refuſe open my heart. There are, ſaid he, few minds fficiently firm to be truſted in the hands of chance. Whoever finds himſelf inclined to anticipate futu-ty, and exalt poſſibility to certainty, ſhould avoid very kind of caſual adventure, ſince his grief muſt e always proportionate to his hope. You have ng waſted that time, which, by a proper appli-ıtion, would have certainly, though moderately, ıcreaſed your fortune, in a laborious and anxious ırſuit of gain, which no labour or anxiety, no art expedient, can ſecure or promote. You are now etting away your life in repentance of an act, a-ainſt which repentance can give no caution. ouſe at laſt from this lazy dream of fortuitous ches, which, if you had obtained them, you ›uld ſcarcely have enjoyed, becauſe they could ›nfer no conſciouſneſs of deſert; return to rational ıd manly induſtry, and conſider that which is the ıere gift of luck as below the care of a wiſe man.

N° 182. *Saturday, December* 14. 1751.

——————Dives qui fieri vult,
Et cito vult fieri. JUV.

IT has been obſerved in a late paper, that we are unreaſonably deſirous to ſeparate the goods of life from thoſe evils which Providence has connected with them; and to ſeize advantages, without paying the price at which they are offered us. Every man wiſhes to be rich, but very few have the powers neceſſary to raiſe a ſudden fortune, by inventions and diſcoveries, or inconteſtable ſuperiority of ſkill in any neceſſary employment; and among lower underſtandings, many want the firmneſs and induſtry requiſite to regular gain and gradual acquiſitions.

From the hope of enjoying affluence on eaſy terms, by methods more compendious than thoſe of labour, and more generally practicable than thoſe of genius, proceeds the common inclination to experiment and hazard, and willingneſs to ſnatch all opportunities of growing rich by chance; a paſſion which, when it has once taken poſſeſſion of the mind, is ſeldom driven out either by time or argument,

argument, but continues to waſte life in perpetual deluſion, and generally ends in wretchedneſs and want.

The folly of untimely exultation and viſionary proſperity, is by no means peculiar to the purchaſers of tickets; there are multitudes whoſe life is nothing but a continual lottery, who are always within a few months of plenty and happineſs; and how often ſoever they are mocked with blanks, expect a prize from the next adventure.

Among the moſt reſolute and ardent of the votaries of chance, may be numbered thoſe mortals whoſe hope is to raiſe themſelves by a wealthy match, who lay out all their induſtry on the aſſiduities of courtſhip, and ſleep and wake with no other ideas, than of treats, compliments, guardians, and rivals.

One of the moſt indefatigable of this claſs, is my old friend *Leviculus*, whom I have never known in thirty years without ſome matrimonial project of advantage. *Leviculus* was bred under a merchant; and by the graces of his perſon, the ſprightlineſs of his prattle, and the neatneſs of his dreſs, ſo much enamoured his maſter's ſecond daughter, a girl of ſixteen, that ſhe declared her reſolution to have no other huſband. Her father, after having chidden her for undutifulneſs, conſented

ſented to the match, not much to the ſatisfaction of *Leviculus*, who was ſo much elated with his conqueſt, as to think himſelf entitled to a larger fortune. He was however ſoon rid of his perplexity, for his miſtreſs dyed before their marriage.

Leviculus was ſo well ſatisfied with his own accompliſhments, that he determined to commence fortune-hunter; and when he was ſet at liberty, inſtead of beginning, as was expected, to walk the exchange with a face of importance, or of aſſociating himſelf with thoſe who were moſt eminent for their knowledge of the ſtocks; he at once threw off the ſolemnity of the counting-houſe, equipped himſelf with a modiſh wig, and a ſplendid coat, liſtened to wits in coffee-houſes, paſſed his evenings behind the ſcenes in the theatres, learned the names of beauties of quality, hummed the laſt ſtanzas of faſhionable ſongs, talked with familiarity of high play, boaſted of his atchievements upon drawers and coachmen, was often brought to his lodgings at midnight in a chair, told with negligence and jocularity of bilking a tailor, and now and then let fly a ſhrewd jeſt at a ſober citizen.

Thus furniſhed with irreſiſtible artillery, he turned his batteries upon the female world; and in the firſt warmth of ſelf-approbation, propoſed no leſs than the poſſeſſion of riches and beauty

united.

united. He therefore paid his firſt civilities to *Flavilla*, the only daughter of a wealthy merchant; who, not being accuſtomed to amorous blandiſhments, or reſpectful addreſſes, was delighted with the novelty of love, and eaſily ſuffered him to attend her to the play, and to meet her where ſhe viſited. *Leviculus* did not doubt but her father, however he might be offended by a clandeſtine marriage, would ſoon be reconciled by the tears of his daughter, and the merit of his ſon-in-law; and was therefore in haſte to conclude the affair. But the lady liked better to be courted than married, and kept him three years in uncertainty and attendance. At laſt ſhe fell in love with a young enſign at a ball; and having danced with him all night, married him in the morning.

Leviculus, to avoid the ridicule of his companions, took a journey to a ſmall eſtate in the country; where, after his uſual enquiries concerning the nymphs in the neighbourhood, he found it proper to fall in love with *Altilia*, a maiden lady, twenty years older than himſelf, for whoſe favour fifteen nephews and nieces were in perpetual contention. They continually hovered round her with ſuch jealous officiouſneſs, as ſcarcely left a moment vacant for a lover. *Leviculus* however diſcovered his paſſion in a letter; and *Altilia* could not withſtand the pleaſure of hearing vows, and ſighs, and flatteries, and proteſtations. She therefore admit-

ted his viſits; and enjoyed, for five years, the happineſs of keeping all her expectants in perpetual alarms, and amuſed herſelf with the various ſtratagems which were practiſed to diſengage her affections. Sometimes ſhe was adviſed with great earneſtneſs to travel for her health, and ſometimes entreated to keep her brother's houſe. Many ſtories were ſpread to the diſadvantage of *Leviculus*, by which ſhe commonly ſeemed affected for a time; but took care ſoon afterwards to expreſs her conviction of their falſehood. When ſhe was at laſt ſatiated with this ludicrous tyranny, ſhe told *Leviculus*, when he preſſed for the reward of his ſervices, that ſhe was very ſenſible of his merit, but was reſolved not to impoveriſh an ancient family.

Leviculus then returned to the town; and ſoon after his arrival became acquainted with *Latronia*, a lady diſtinguiſhed by the elegance of her equipage, and the regularity of her conduct. Her wealth was evident in her magnificence, and her prudence in her economy; and therefore *Leviculus*, who had ſcarcely confidence to ſolicit her favour, readily acquitted fortune of her former debts, when he found himſelf diſtinguiſhed by ſuch marks of preference as a woman of modeſty is allowed to give. He now grew bolder with proſpects of ſucceſs, and ventured to breathe out *his impatience* before her. She heard him without

out reſentment; in time permitted him to hope for happineſs, and at laſt fixed the nuptial day, without any diſtruſtful reſerve of pin-money, or ſordid ſtipulations for jointure and ſettlements.

Leviculus was now triumphing on the eve of marriage, when he heard on the ſtairs the voice of *Latronia*'s maid, whom frequent bribes had ſecured in her fidelity. She ſoon burſt into his room, and told him, that ſhe could not ſuffer him to be longer deceived, that her miſtreſs was now ſpending the laſt payment of her fortune, and was only ſupported in her expence by the credit of his eſtate. *Leviculus* ſhuddered to ſee himſelf ſo near a precipice, and found that he was indebted for his eſcape to the reſentment of the maid, who having aſſiſted *Latronia* to gain the conqueſt, quarrelled with her about the plunder.

Leviculus was now hopeleſs and diſconſolate, till one *Sunday* he ſaw a lady in the Mall, whom her dreſs declared a widow, and whom, by the jolting prance of her gait, and the broad reſplendence of her countenance, he gueſſed to have lately buried ſome proſperous citizen. He followed her home, and found her to be no leſs than the relict of *Prune* the grocer, who, having no children, had bequeathed to her all his debts and dues, and his eſtates real and perſonal. No formality was neceſſary in addreſſing Madam *Prune*, and therefore

Leviculus went next morning without an introductor. His declaration was received with a loud laugh; ſhe then collected her countenance, wondered at his impudence, aſked if he knew to whom he was talking, then ſhowed him the door, and again laughed to find him confuſed. *Leviculus* then diſcovered, that this coarſeneſs was nothing more than the coquetry of *Cornhill*, and next day returned to the attack. He ſoon grew familiar to her dialect; and in a few weeks heard, without any emotion, hints of gay cloaths with empty pockets; concurred in many ſage remarks on the regard due to people of property; and agreed with her in deteſtation of the ladies at the other end of the town, who pinched their bellies to buy fine laces, and then pretended to laugh at the city.

He ſometimes preſumed to mention marriage; but was always anſwered with a hoot and a flounce. At laſt he began to preſs her cloſer, and thought himſelf more favourably received; but going one morning with a reſolution to trifle no longer, he found her gone to church with a young journeyman of a neighbouring ſhop, with whom ſhe had become enamoured from her window.

In theſe, and a thouſand intermediate adventures, has *Leviculus* ſpent his time, till he is now grown grey with age, fatigue, and diſappointment.

ient. He begins now to find, that ſucceſs is not o be expected from future attempts; and being nfit for any employment that might improve his ortune, and unfurniſhed with any arts that might muſe his leiſure, he is condemned to wear out a ifteleſs life in narratives which none will hear, nd in complaints which none will pity.

N° 183.

N° 183. *Tueſday, December* 17. 1751.

Nulla fides regni ſociis, omniſque poteſtas
Impatiens conſortis erat.——— LUCAN.

THE general cauſe of that hoſtility which is perpetually exerciſed between one man and another, is, the deſire of many for that which only few can poſſeſs. Every man would be rich, powerful, and famous; yet fame, power, and riches, are only the names of relative conditions, which imply the obſcurity, dependance, and poverty of greater numbers.

This univerſal and inceſſant competition, produces two motives to injury and malice; intereſt and envy; the hope of adding to our poſſeſſions what we can take from another, and the hope of alleviating the ſenſe of our diſparity by leſſening another, though we gain nothing to ourſelves.

Of theſe two malignant and deſtructive powers, it ſeems probable at the firſt view, that intereſt has the ſtrongeſt and moſt extenſive influence. It is eaſy to conceive, that opportunities to ſeize what has been long wanted, may excite deſires almoſt irreſiſtible;

irreſiſtible; but ſurely the ſame eagerneſs cannot be kindled by an accidental power of deſtroying that which gives happineſs to another. It muſt undoubtedly be more natural to rob for gain, than to ravage only for miſchief.

Yet I am inclined to believe, that the great law of mutual benevolence is oftener violated by envy than intereſt; and that moſt of the miſery which the defamation of blameleſs actions, and the obſtruction of honeſt endeavours, bring upon the world, is inflicted by men that propoſe no other advantage to themſelves, than the ſatisfaction of poiſoning the banquet which they cannot taſte, and blaſting the harveſt which they have no right to reap.

Intereſt can diffuſe itſelf but to a narrow compaſs. The number is never large of thoſe who can hope to fill the poſts of degraded power, catch the fragments of ſhattered fortune, or ſucceed to the honours of depreciated beauty. But the empire of envy has no limits; ſince it requires to its influence very little help from external circumſtances. Envy may always be produced by idleneſs and pride; and in what place will not they be found?

Intereſt always requires ſome qualities not univerſally beſtowed. The ruin of another will produce no profit to him, who has not diſcernment to mark his advantage, courage to ſeize, or activity

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N° 183. *Tuesday, December 17. 1751.*

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Impatiens consortis erat.——— LUCAN.

THE general cause of that hostility which is perpetually exercised between one man and another, is, the desire of many for that which only few can possess. Every man would be rich, powerful, and famous; yet fame, power, and riches, are only the names of relative conditions, which imply the obscurity, dependance, and poverty of greater numbers.

This universal and incessant competition, pro-
duces two motives to injury and malice; inter-
and envy; the hope o[illegible]g to our poss-
what we can take fr[illegible], and the
alleviating the sens[illegible]parity
another, though[illegible]ing

to purſue it: but the cold malignity of envy may be exerted in a torpid and quieſcent ſtate, amidſt the gloom of ſtupidity, in the coverts of cowardice. He that falls by the attacks of intereſt, dies like him who is torn by hungry tigers; he may diſcover and reſiſt his enemies. He that periſhes in the ambuſhes of envy, is deſtroyed by unknown and inviſible aſſailants; and dies like him who is ſuffocated by a poiſonous vapour, without knowledge of his danger, or poſſibility of conteſt.

Intereſt is ſeldom purſued but at ſome hazard. He that hopes to gain much, has commonly ſomething to loſe; and he that ventures to attack ſuperiority, if he fails to conquer, is irrecoverably cruſhed. But envy may act at ſmall expence, and with little danger. To ſpread ſuſpicion, to invent calumnies, to propagate ſcandal, requires neither labour nor courage. It is eaſy for the author of a lye, however malignant, to eſcape detection; and infamy needs very little aſſiſtance to its circulation.

Envy is almoſt the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place; the only paſſion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation; and therefore its effects are every where diſcoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impoſſible to mention a name which any advantageous

advantageous diſtinction has made eminent, but ſome latent animoſity will burſt out. The wealthy trader, however he may abſtract himſelf from public affairs, will never want thoſe that will hint with *Shylock*, that ſhips are but boards, and that no man can properly be termed rich, whoſe fortune is at the mercy of the winds. The beauty, adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modeſty, calls out, whenever ſhe appears, a thouſand murmurs of detraction and whiſpers of ſuſpicion. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain with pleaſing images of nature, or inſtruct by unconteſted principles of ſcience; yet ſuffers perſecution from innumerable critics, whoſe acrimony is produced merely by the pain of ſeeing others pleaſed, and of hearing applauſes which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it ſo familiar, that it commonly eſcapes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel in ſome uſeful art, finds himſelf perſecuted by multitudes whom he never ſaw, with all the implacability of perſonal reſentment; when he ſees himſelf hunted as a public enemy, and the clamour incited againſt him by every ſtratagem of defamation; when he hears the misfortunes of his family, and the follies of his youth, expoſed to

the world, and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed; he then ſoon learns to abhor thoſe artifices, at which perhaps he only laughed before, and diſcovers how much the happineſs and ſecurity of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is indeed a ſtubborn weed of the mind, and ſeldom yields to the culture of philoſophy. There are however conſiderations, which, if carefully implanted and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repreſs it; ſince no one can nurſe it for the ſake of pleaſure, as its effects are only ſhame, anguiſh, and perturbation.

It is above all other vices inconſiſtent with the character of a ſocial being, becauſe it ſacrifices truth and kindneſs to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour, gains as much as he takes away, and improves his own condition in the ſame proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blaſts a flouriſhing reputation, muſt be content with a ſmall dividend of additional fame, ſo ſmall as to afford very little conſolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have avoided that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is ſo baſe and deteſtable, ſo vile

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in its original, and ſo pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almoſt any other quality is to be deſired. It is one of thoſe lawleſs enemies of ſociety, againſt which poiſoned arrows may honeſtly be uſed. Let it therefore be conſtantly remembered, that whoever envies another, confeſſes his ſuperiority; and perhaps ſome may be reformed by their pride, who have loſt their virtue.

It is no ſlight aggravation to the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed againſt thoſe who have given no intentional provocation; and that the ſufferer is marked out for hatred, not becauſe he has failed in any duty, but becauſe he dared to do more than was required.

Almoſt every other crime is practiſed by the help of ſome quality which might have produced eſteem or love, if it had been well employed: but envy is mere unmixed and genuine evil; it purſues a hateful end by deſpicable means, and deſires not ſo much its own happineſs as another's miſery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not neceſſary that any one ſhould aſpire to heroiſm or ſanctity; but only that he ſhould reſolve not to quit the rank which nature aſſigned him, and wiſh to maintain the dignity of a human being.

Verſion of the MOTTOES.

N°

159. The pow'r of words, and ſoothing ſounds appeaſe
The raging pain, and leſſen the diſeaſe. FRANCIS.

160. Beaſts of each kind their fellows ſpare;
Bear lives in amity with bear.

161. Frail as the leaves that quiver on the ſprays,
Like them man flouriſhes, like them decays.

How ſmall to others, but how great to me!
This habitant th' aerial regions boaſt. *p.* 16.

162. What old, and rich, and childleſs too,
And yet believe your friends are true?
Truth might perhaps to thoſe belong
To thoſe who lov'd you poor and young;
But truſt me, for the new you have,
They'll love you dearly——in your grave.
F. LEWIS.

163. Bow to no patron's inſolence; rely
On no frail hopes, in freedom live and die.
F. LEWIS.

164. *Gaurus* pretends to *Cato*'s fame;
And proves, by *Cato*'s vice, his claim.

165. *Young* was I once and poor, now rich and old;
A harder caſe than mine was never told.

Bleſt

N°

Bleſt with the pow'r to uſe them——I had none;
Loaded with *riches* now, the pow'r is gone.
F. LEWIS.

166. Once poor, my friend, ſtill poor you muſt remain;
The rich alone have all the means of gain. E. C.

167. Their nuptial bed may ſmiling concord dreſs,
And *Venus* ſtill the happy union bleſs!
Wrinkled with age, may mutual love and truth
To their dim eyes recal the bloom of youth.
F. LEWIS.

168. The tinſel glitter, and the ſpecious mien,
Delude the moſt; few pry behind the ſcene.

None dares with impious ſteel the grove to rend,
Leſt on himſelf the deſtin'd ſtroke deſcend. *p.* 71.

169. No blood from bitten nails, thoſe poems drew;
But churn'd, like ſpittle from the lips they flew.
DRYDEN.

Poliſh'd with endleſs toil, my lays
At length aſpire to *Mantuan* praiſe. *p.* 78.

170. I grant the charge; forgive the fault confeſs'd.

171. Dark is the ſun, and lothſome is the day.

172. *Priſcus*, you've often aſk'd me how I'd live,
Shou'd fate at once both wealth and honour give.
What ſoul his future conduct can foreſee?
Tell me what ſort of lion you wou'd be?
F. LEWIS.

Thou

N°

Thou haſt not known the giddy whirls of fate,
Nor ſervile flatteries which enchant the great. *p.* 103.
Miſs A. W.

173. Now ſay, where virtue ſtops and vice begins?

174. Yonder he drives——avoid that furious beaſt:
If he may have his jeſt, he never cares
At whoſe expence; nor friend, nor patron ſpares.
FRANCIS.

175. Good men are ſcarce, the juſt are thinly ſown;
They thrive but ill, nor can they laſt when grown.
And ſhould we count them, and our ſtore compile;
Yet *Thebes* more gates could ſhew, more mouths the *Nile*. CREECH.

176. On me you turn the noſe———

177. Thoſe things which now ſeem frivolous and ſlight,
Will be of ſerious conſequence to you,
When they have made you once ridiculous.
ROSCOMMON.

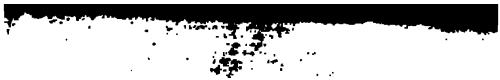
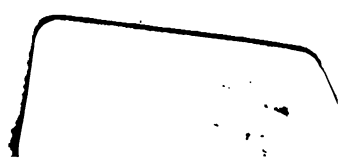
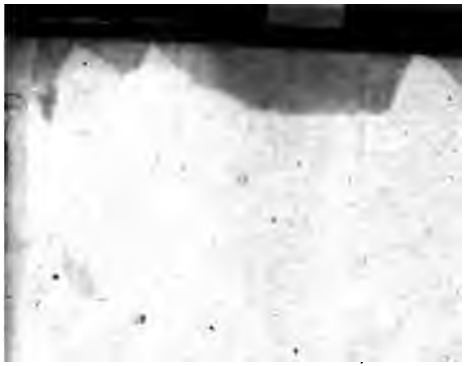
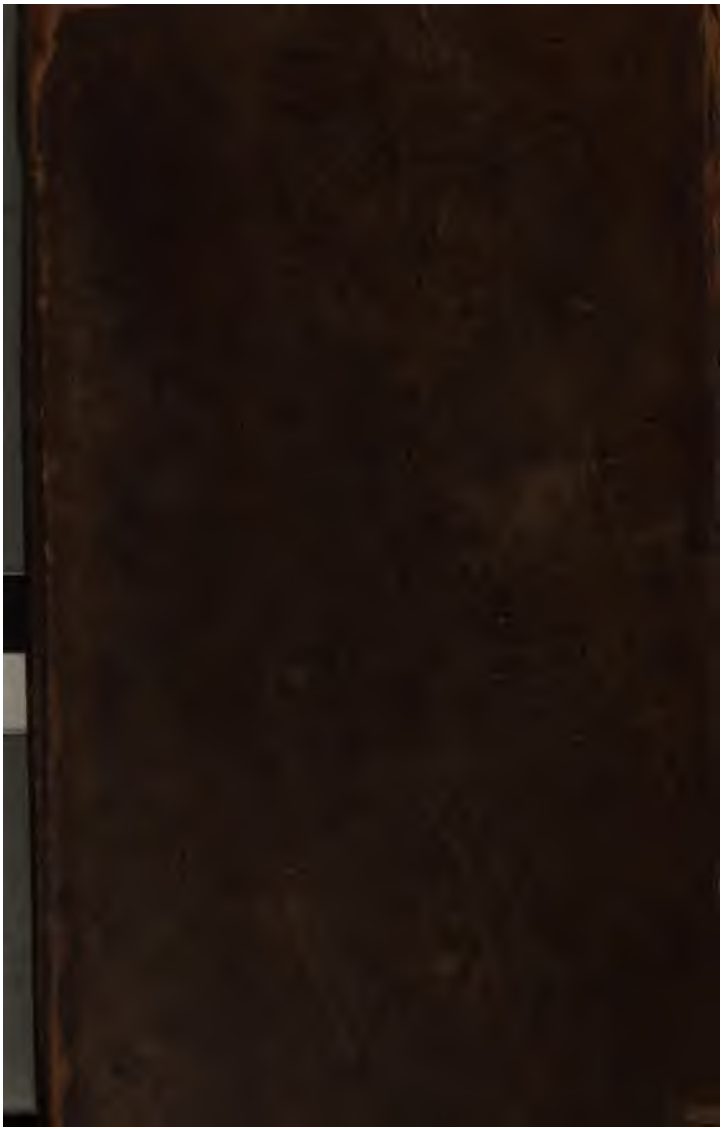
178. To yield to remedies is half the cure.

179. *Democritus* wou'd feed his ſpleen, and ſhake
His ſides and ſhoulders till he felt them ake.
DRYDEN.

180. On life, on morals, be thy thoughts employ'd;
Leave to the ſchools their atoms and their void.

181. Nor let me float in fortune's pow'r,
Dependant on the future hour. FRANCIS.

N°

182. The luſt of wealth can never bear delay.

183. No faith of partnerſhip dominion owns;
Still diſcord hovers o'er divided thrones.